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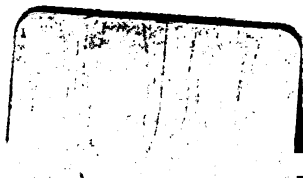
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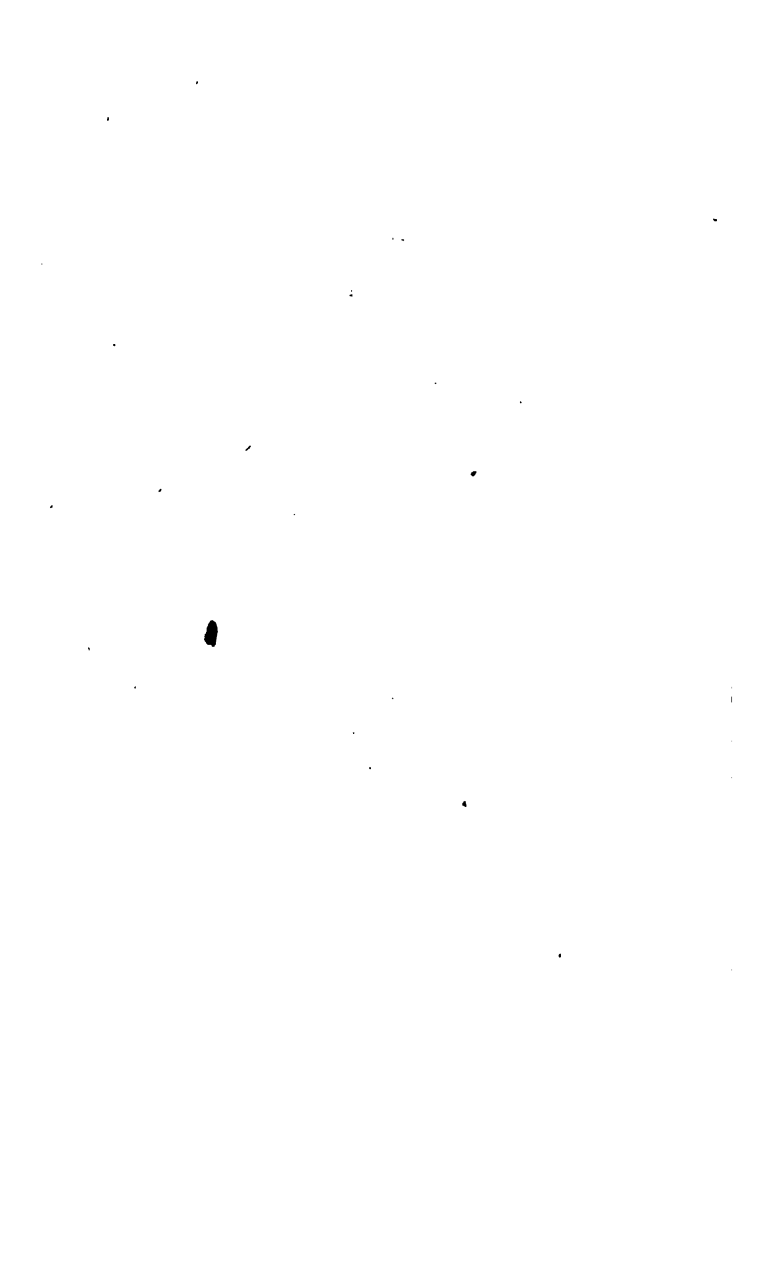
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Polwhele, Richard

THE
FAIR ISABEL

OF COTEHELE,

A CORNISH ROMANCE,

IN SIX CANTOS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

LOCAL ATTACHMENT, AND TRANSLATOR OF THEOCRITUS.

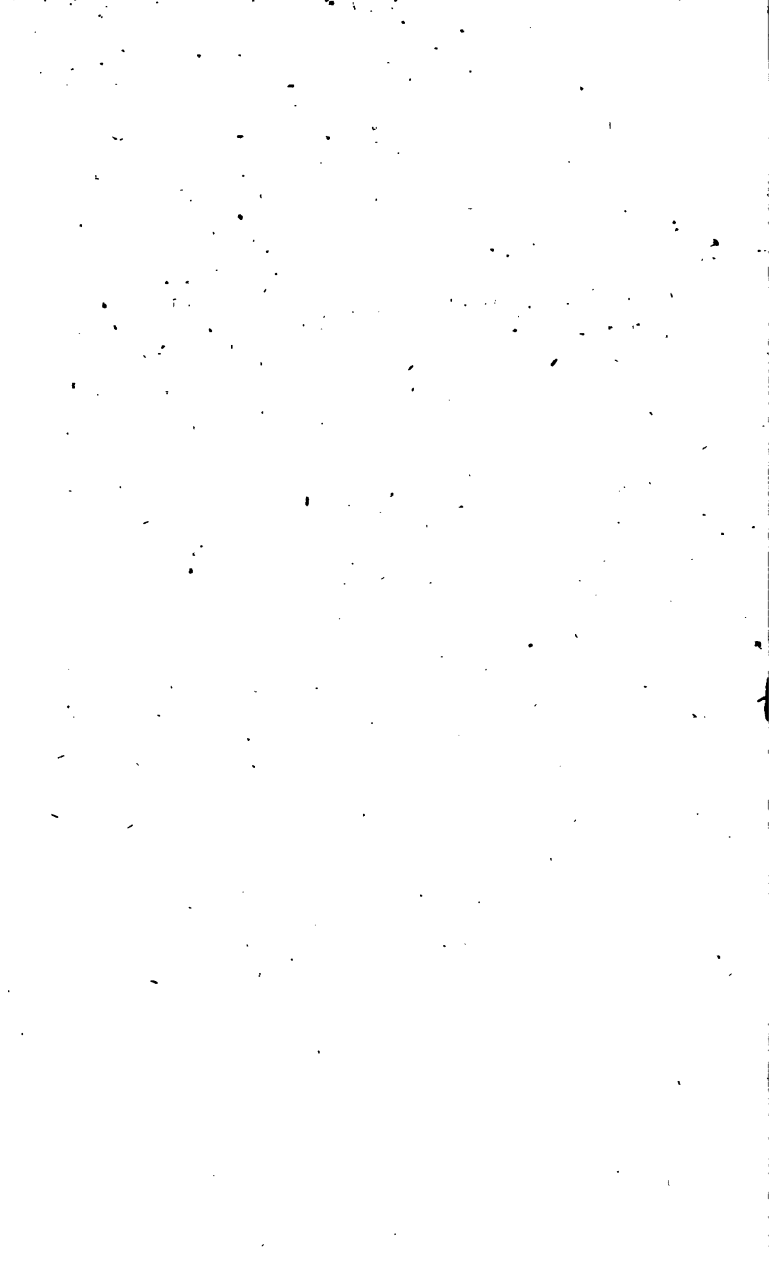
Richard Polwhele

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. CAWTHORN, 24, COCKSPUR-STREET,

By MICHELL and Co. TRURO.

1815.



ADVERTISEMENT.

This Poem is founded on a family-incident in the reign of Queen Mary;—which the existing contest between Protestants and Papists, must render peculiarly interesting at the present day.—

The scene of the Poem is chiefly laid at Cotehele, the ancient residence of the Edgcumbes, on the West bank of the Tamar : In the sixth Canto, it shifts to Mount Edgcumbe.



941
P779
fai

THE
FAIR ISABEL OF COTEHELE,
A CORNISH ROMANCE.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

M687804



TO

WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

AN, smile not, whilst the feeble fire
Mounts from my inharmonious lyre,
Whilst every note, from rustic strings,
In weak vibration trembling rings !
Yet to thine ear, ingenuous friend !
Would every trembling note ascend.

From Cornwall's wreck-devoted shores,
Her barren hills, and russet moores,
Where languid verdure tints the vales ;
And sigh thro' chasms the summer-gales ;
And the eye wanders o'er a scene
By lawn nor grove nor dingle green,
Till in some little meadow-close
With vagrance tir'd it seeks repose ;
Alas ! amid this murky gloom
Can fancy spread the ethereal plume ?
O ! shall her vainly-venturous aim
Pursue thy wings of living flame
That rise, where vast floods scoop their way,
And lakes thro' forests glimmer gray ;
And cataracts, by huge oaks o'erbrow'd,
Foam to the threatening thunder-cloud,
Ere yet its vollied vengeance break
On rocky ridge or towering peak,
And all appears the poet's dream,
" Land of the mountain and the stream ?"

And lo ! thy glens, thy woods, thy springs,
Gleam but to saints and warriour-kings !
I hear them rustle thro' the shade—
Heroes, that people every glade,
And brighten thro' the faery haze
From Ossian's time to border-days,
While ruin'd roofs and castled dells
Still echo back the feast of shells ;
And, midst their clanmen rush to fight
Proud spirits who erst, of stalworth might,
Ravish'd the moonlight foray meed
On Teviot's banks, or Tyne or Tweed.

Her guerdon yet hath Cornwall won
In many a bold heroic son ;
From those who wore the hoary crown,
The ear-borne chiefs of old renown,
To these who strew'd with rebel dead
The blazon'd field where Granville bled.

And shall we not retrace the line
In long long splendours from Locrine,
Whilst in Dunstanville blend the fires
Transmitted from his banner'd sires,
With all that whilom wont to glow
In Arundel and Caerminow ;
While high Boscawen, more rich and deep
Thy greenwoods swell their breezy sweep,
And, flankt with more than former pride,
New turrets shadow Vala's tide ;
Kindling, while Valetort reveres
The vision of departed years,
Still seems to grasp the patriot steel,
And worships in his own Cotehele,
As o'er the shrine of glory bent,
Its patriarchal monument !

'Twas at the time when wealth and birth
Flung lustre on their simple worth,

My sires, allied to Valetort,
Would to Cotehele's lov'd bowers resort;
As all the rites of genial cheer
Bless'd, in high glee, the closing year.

And well, I ween, one festive bard
Paid to those rites his fond regard;
Still bidding jokes and gibes avail,
To season many a Christmas tale!

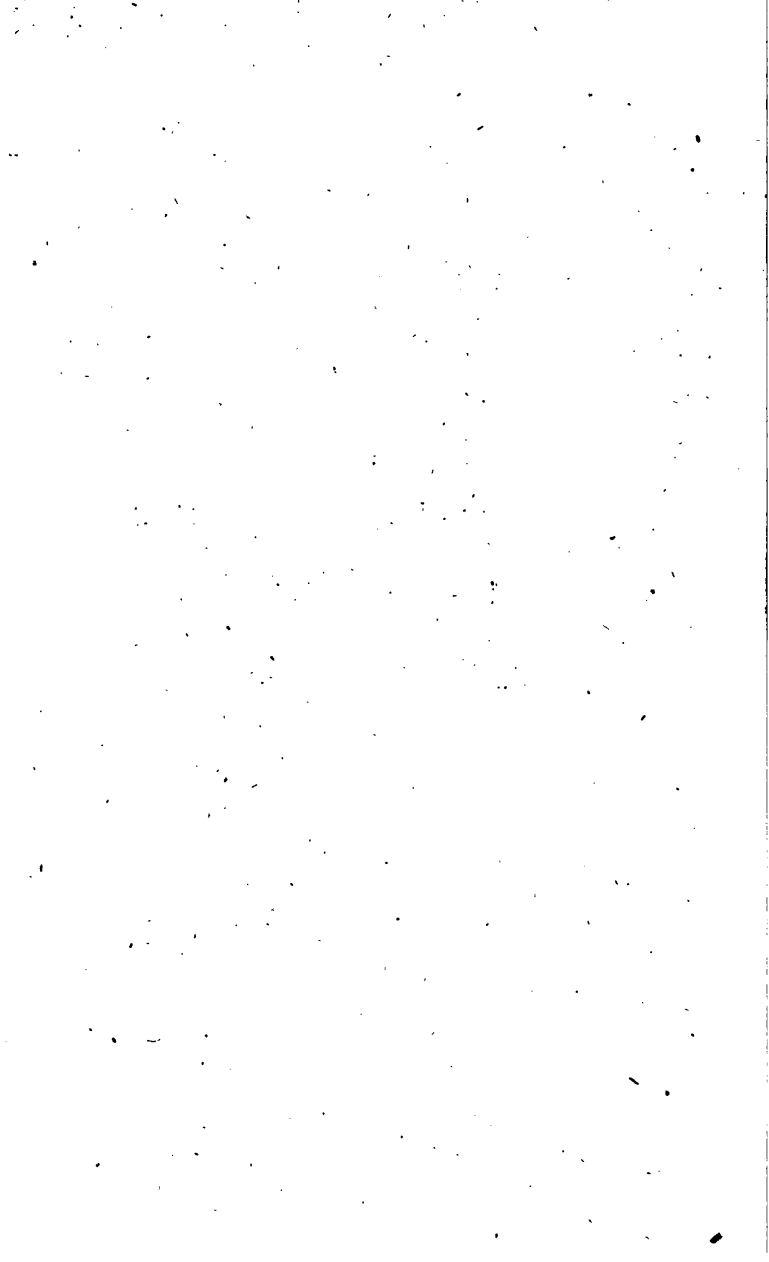
For me, if Valetort but deign
To listen to the eventful strain,
Perhaps, in no degenerate lays
May flow my tale of other days!
And with no ineffectual aim,
To give to praise an ancient name,
Contrasting honest fair desert
With mean malignity and art,
My minstrel-muse shall marvels tell;
Such as beseeem the Christmas well;

Such as may bid the guests draw near
With cordial laughter mingling fear,
O'er the gay groupe where blazes flash
From hissing hollies, flying ash,
And in each countenance pourtray
The passions, rapid as they play,
To every quick transition true,
What never Rembrandt's pencil drew.

THE
FAIR ISABEL OF COTEHELE,

A CORNISH ROMANCE.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIRST.



The fair Isabel of Cotehele.

A CORNISH ROMANCE.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIRST.

I.

Where Cornwall's dreary genius cowers o'er
rocks [heath,

Of Druid fame, — o'er barren'd hills of
There, where in ancient days umbrageous
oaks [neath,

Involv'd in wizard gloom the shrines be-
And thro' the central darkness murmur'd
death ;

I feel again, from all her echoing caves

The consecrated trumpet's thrilling breath!

Again I hear, as charm'd old Ocean heaves,

The harp's symphonious sounds, that hush
the weltering waves.

II.

Snatcht from the flaming altars of the East

I see the hallow'd fires of Iran rise,

To mark, unfolding May! thy floral feast!

Behold they lighten to the starry skies!

The circling priests their wands in solemn
guise

Wave to and fro; and all is pale amaze!

From crag to crag the hum of voices dies;

And, as assembled clans in silence gaze,

The distant karnes draw near, and kindle in
the blaze.

III.

But, guilt (that cried for vengeance) to atone,

I saw the shivering sacrifice of blood,

What time the moon, her horns replenish'd,
shone

Thro' the thick foliage of the lurid wood!

Lo, how they catch, where hiss'd the vi-
prous brood,

The Milpreu flung into the fields of air !
See break away, by man yet unsubdued,
Yon milk-white steeds, along the moorland
far [rattling car.
Tossing their harness'd heads, and dash the

IV.

See, where Karnbre in savage grandeur wild,
Frowns o'er the crowds that scale her crag-
gy steep,
That ledge immense upon its rockstone pil'd
To its white glimmering draws attention
deep ! [mystic sweep
The Archdruid flings the lymph. With
He turns around. He beckons, silent, slow,
To the dark spirit within that seem'd to
sleep ! [below
Lo, the rock shakes and trembles !—All
Religious frenzy goads—all own the inspir-
ing glow !

V.

And now, to drink the crimson flood of life,
Where towers the Cromlech on the top-
most height,

He sternly lifts the sacrificing knife!

Around the mountain sides long vest-
ments white [light !

Float silvery to the moonbeam's sacred
And lo ! he waits with deathful pause and
pale,

The dire portentous moment of midnight !

It comes ! the knife descends ! The piteous
wail [bosoms hail?

And limbs convuls'd in blood, can human

VI.

Yes ! it was thus imposture aim'd to waft
Man's prayers to Jove, in error's dunnest
day ;

While priestly domination, priestly craft

Was no faint semblance of the Almighty
 sway,
Or of eternal wisdom seem'd a ray !
And leap'd not forth the ethereal flame, to
 scath
Presumption's crest amidst the mad essay ?
Why paus'd the lightnings in their blazing
 path, [Heaven's wrath ?
Nor fork'd their keenest fire, to execute

VII.

But where beam'd health the everlasting
 cross
Prostrate, how oft hath sacerdotal guile
Bid all the unfolding sky the soul engross
Where earth and sensual pleasure lurk'd
 the while ?
How grand the arches of the gothic pile ! -
Its dark illuminations rich, that stain
The tremulous pavement of the pillar'd
 aisle !

Nor the sweet virgin's image sheds in vain
The ideal glory round, to gild her holy fane.

VIII.

And doth not awe with timid eye pursue
Where matin radiance falls, or torches
flare [ful hue
The hood, the cowl, the vestment's mourn-
The solemn gait, the penitential air,
The contrite look, as tho' absorb'd in
prayer; [rise
While, swelling thro the spacious concave
Measures, to banish low-born grief and
care ! [nies—
Now deep and full, the entrancing harmo-
Now, stealing soft away, the distant mu-
sic dies !

IX.

But, muffled up in saintly garment white

Have we not often seen insidious art,
Have we not seen the abstemious hypocrite
With meek demeanour hide the ruffian's
heart? [part !

Nor seldom doth he play the lecher's
Lo where he glides, and sudden sinks within
Some shadowy nook; from the dim form
we start !

The maiden's ear his secret whispers win !
He stores the frail-one's sighs, and riots o'er
her sin.

X.

And see where recent from the vernal groves
On the cold floor those sprinkled blooms
expire,
Imperious pomp!—the mitred abbess moves,
— And her long train of nuns in dark attire,
And all black-veil'd, approach the hal-
lowed choir ! [ascend !
Faint, quivering, slow, the minstrel-notes

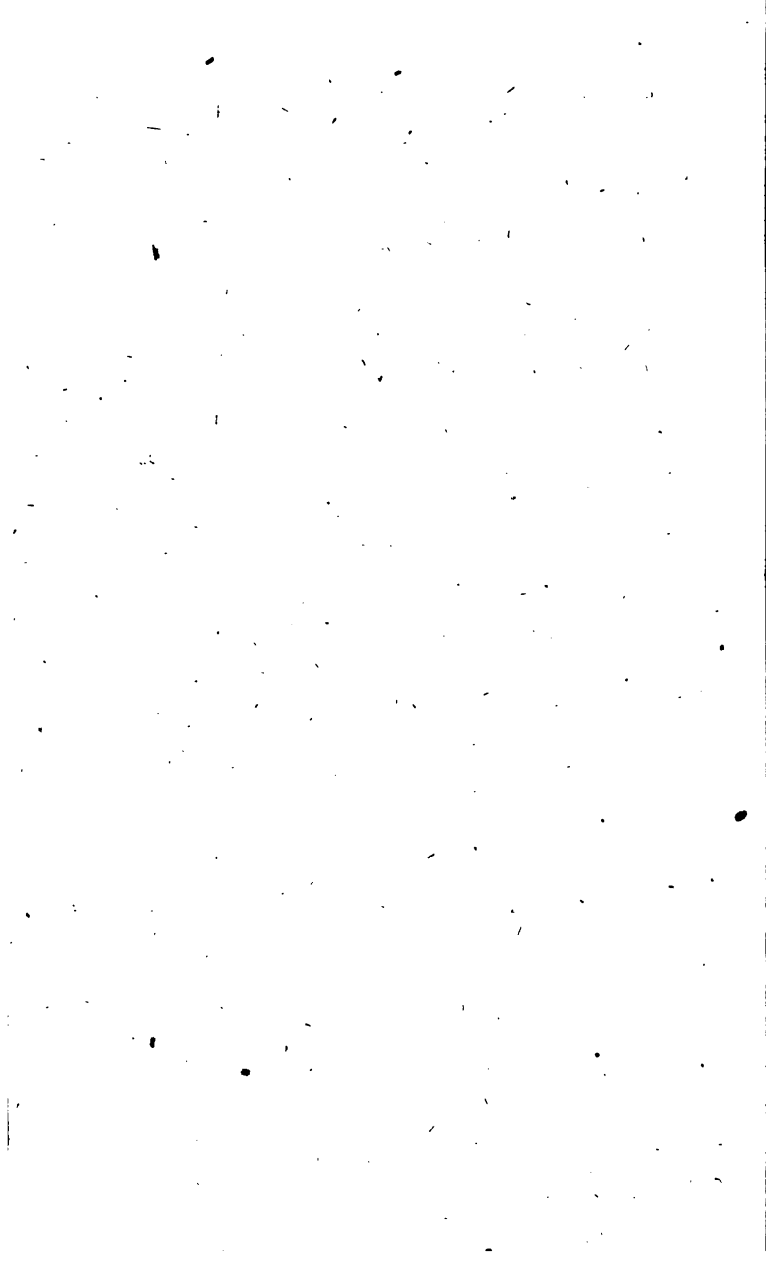
Ah see (adieu to hope and young desire!)
The lovely mourner o'er the altar bend !
Lone maid ! adieu to hope ! save Heaven,
thou hast no friend.

XI.

The reverend father opes the book. At once
The full-voic'd anthem vaunts sublimer
days !
In every tone, how plaintive the response !
How witching to the ear the strain of
praise ! [raise—
Behold ! her snowy veil the attendants
Her hand in holy trance the vestal rears ;
And where unvalued gems the shrine
emblaze,
Ravish'd as by the music of the spheres,
She vows the eternal vow ; and wonder
dries her tears !

XII.

Yet will they flow afresh. Too early lost
To all the gentle bosom learns to prize,
Full soon, where nuns angelic sweetness
boast, [nant eyes,
Will she shrink back from dark malign-
And hollow cheeks, of grief the poor dis-
guise ;
And hear, reechoed from secluded cell,
At the pale vigil sad repining sighs !
And see, whilst oft her carnal thoughts re-
bel, [swell !
With supercilious airs that mitred abbess



THE
FAIR ISABEL OF COTEHELE,
A CORNISH ROMANCE.

CANTO FIRST.



The fair Isabel of Cotehele,

A CORNISH ROMANCE.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

ARISE in the moody blast
The sleety storm had well-nigh pass'd
(Ere the struggling day's first gleam)
Cotehele's old towers, and Tamar-stream.
And now a few snow-feathers light
Twinkled in the rear of night.
Still was the sullen hour and dark :
The castle-roof nor eye could mark,

Nor window-shaft, nor portal gray,
Nor oaken branch, nor ashen spray ;
When, suddenly, the bulwark'd wall,
Rampires, portcullis, windows, all,
And hollows down the steep wood-side,
And rocks amidst the foamy tide,
The oak's broad crest, and far below,
Its cavern'd trunk that held the snow ;
The dusky fir, the berried ash---
Discover'd in one azure flash,
No sooner shone
Than they were gone
In the elemental crash !

II.

As in a fearful pause, the air
Heavy and faint, was hush'd afar ;
Save that, from the chapel-spire,
The white owl, scar'd by the levin-fire ;

Sail'd down the wood, and brush'd the
ice-drops

Half-molten, from the tinkling copse,
And where the boughs bent low, to close
In one deep thicket, sought repose.

III.

Penciling the gloom in paly streaks,
Athwart Cotehele the twilight breaks,
Steals o'er the parapet, imprints
On the eastern casements ruddy tints,
And touches, at "My Lady's-bower,"
The lattice of the southern tower.

IV.

There ISABEL in slumber lay ;
As now a lone star, the last-left
Of all the fainting lights, its ray
Sent thro' a western cloud's dun cleft,
To mingle with the uncertain day.

V.

Hour after hour, she had not slept,
But all night long had watch'd and wept.
Chill had the chapel-clock beat one---
She had not slept---her rest was gone.
As if it could that rest restore,
She rose and pac'd her chamber-floor;
While oft to eddyng gusts the fane
Echoed, and rang its whirling vane,
And the gales thro' crannies told decay,
And moan'd along the cloystral way,
Then upwards whistling seem'd to scalp
The buttress, and the tower assail,
And in murmurs swept the arras behind;
And the dying embers to the wind
Kindled up, a bright blue flame!
And priests and warriors in the gleam
Crested or mitred with menacing look
Shook their crosiers and pikes, as the ta-
pestry shook!

VI.

But was it the tempestuous air,
The cold moan, or the ghastly glare
Bade her like shivering aspen leaf
Quake to the phantom of affright?
She knew not terror: it was grief.
Not the warbler, all thro' night,
That seems to wooe the moon's clear light
To its own vernal grove,
Its silvery foliage whispering love;
Not violets stealing from the dew
A sweeter breath, and brighter hue,
Its tendrils where the woodbine curls,
And soft the shaded brooklet purls,
Could in her eyes have cherish'd sleep---
Lids that only wak'd to weep.

VII.

Her chamber had she pac'd in vain,
Then sought her troubled couch again;

Till, closing, ere the dim sunrise,
Seal'd were at length her wearied eyes.
Her right hand, on the pillow laid,
Seem'd to support a throbbing head.
Her fingers, erst of roseate hue,
The ebbing blood left pale and blue.
Loosen'd from its silken braid,
A lock had down her bosom stray'd,
And on that pure illumin'd breast
Wav'd light, as if it lov'd to rest ;
Tho to the bosom-fall or swell
As sighs were breath'd, it rose or fell !
For with a sigh, a shriek, a start,
Was flush'd her cheek, or throb'd her heart,
Where care or sorrow quickly pass'd—
The summer-shadow, fleeting fast,
So dims the golden air !
Till, as her lips with brighter glow
Half-opening shew'd each pearly row,
O'er her sweet features stole the while
Calm and more calm a lovely smile,

And with no shade from grief or care
That smile so lovely triumph'd there.
It was a precious dream, I ween,
Weaving some tender faery scene—
Some form, to scatter every grief,
As May's young morn in mild relief—
It was a dream which, all the while,
Created that transcendant smile !

VIII.

But hark—the blast of the war-horn—
(She wakes to a wild wintry morn !)
Grasping at her dream in vain,
She wakes to keener pain.
The neigh; the prance, and now more near
The horse-hoof clatters on her ear;
Mingled with other sounds of fear—
The *Wardour's* voice, the pondrous gate,
And ringing shields and spears that wait
Her valorous sire, the good old knight

In mail and high plum'd helmet dight,
And the rush of the troop in war's attire
That close around her valorous sire.

IX.

Scarce had she heard his pawing horse,
Ere had commenc'd his rapid course :
Scarce had she caught his helmet-plume
Ere he had plung'd thro' forest-gloom :
Tho' long the echoes mark'd his way,
And every echo seem'd to say,
Quivering on her startled ear,
Dying, yet in accents clear :
" Gone is thine only earthly stay !"
Then, hastening from her lattice dim,
She thought upon her orphan-state;
Her only trust (save Heaven) in him !
And her poor heart was desolate.

X.

In morning vesture strait array'd,
Nor from her Jesse asking aid
(A gentle tho' a rural maid)
Along the dusky corridore
With noiseless steps she stole ;
To meet (in sympathies of soul
Such as her sorrows best might cure)
To meet a spirit, belov'd as pure !
And pure she deem'd that spirit must be,
From fleshly dross escap'd and free !
To meet (if fancy could restore)
That form alas ! which never more,
She thought, could filial love descry,
Or gaze upon with mortal eye.

XI.

But when she tremulous survey'd
The cedar chamber's sombre shade ;

The lone bed shuddering to behold,
The crimson curtains drear and cold,
And the pale pillow totter'd near,
And to fond love and duty dear,
Hail'd, and kiss'd it o'er and o'er ;
Her faint head bending as before
When she was anxious to sustain
Her parent, and alleviate pain—
Ah ! fancy's was a weak essay ;
And grief absorb'd its golden ray.

XII.

Pressing that lone cold glimmering bed,
It was too much, where hope was fled,
To paint the visionary dead !
It was too much, beneath the sky,
For feeble man—'twas agony !
Yet soon came aid, her soul to calm :
And was it any earthly balm ?
No ! 'twas the sense of sins forgiv'n,

That, as it sooth'd the conscious heart
Commercing with its kindred Heaven,
The breath of Eden could impart ;
That bade each little tumult cease,
Each fear allay'd, and whisper'd peace.

XIII.

“ Adieu (she cried) dear Saint ! adieu ! ”
And to her favourite oriel flew ;
Where, open'd from the cedar-room,
Her mother, in the matin prayer,
The vesper hymn, lost every care :
And ISABEL, admitted there
E'en in her infant bloom,
Priz'd more than rubies, duteous girl !
Than all Bassora's rainbow pearl,
The sacred hour of orison,
When by that mother's side she shone.

XIV.

Thro' diamond panes of storied glass
Scarce could the light of morning pass.
Yet 'twas enough, through each dim pane,
The room with richer tints to stain;
Colouring, upon the shrine below,
The crucifix with finer glow,
And from its polish'd brilliance raying,
And on the Virgin's image playing,
But, where an amber radiance fell,
Illumining fair ISABEL!
No muse, in sooth, could paint it true—
So soft it was, and sombrous too!

XV.

Kneeling before the velvet shrine,
Her vest's light folds, in every line,
Her limbs, like lambent splendours, woo'd—
It was a heavenly attitude!
The bloom that tinctur'd her young cheek

From sorrow's touch was pale and weak.

But it was lovelier and more fair

Than dancing Hebes pictur'd are ;

Their witching forms tho' fancy flush,

And pleasure prompt the kindling blush !

Lo, as she clasp'd her hands in prayer,

Wav'd, on one side, her chesnut hair !

Her open brow divinely arch'd

Stole softness from its shade serene,

Or, where the purple current march'd,

Was as the ivory white ;

And each clear vein

Was more distinct in light !

And, as she rais'd her fine blue eyes,

Glow'd on her lips the vestal fire ;

And from her heart breath'd holier sighs

Than flow from passion or desire !

Yet, midst the links of groveling earth,

Had not one sigh a humbler birth ?

XVI.

Long had the beauteous fair-one pray'd
For her dear mother ALICE rest :
But still the cushion, still she press'd.
And, softly from the sky-blue cieling
Her pensive eyelashes now stealing,
Were downwards cast, as if to shade
The languish of a melting maid !
And her thoughts seem'd afar to stray—
Yet, where they wander'd, who shall say ?

XVII.

But, sudden, to that cieling's azure
Alarm'd her eyes she flung again :
And blushes did her cheek distain,
As if some whisper from the roof,
Some still small voice had sent reproof.
It was her hasty conscience said :
" Thou thinkst not of thy parent dead !
" O, from thy heart, with quick erasure,

Each image be effac'd that, vain,
Would interpose to soften pain,
And promise perishable pleasure !

SONG.

1.

“ The dear maternal ties now torn asunder,
And all around so plung'd in melancholy ;
How could I selfish and unfeeling wander
Amid the wiles of fancy and of folly ;
Nor in my thought pursue thy parted spirit
To realms which worth and holiness inherit

2.

If any earthly dream my heart deceiving
A moment charm away my bitter anguish—
If any human sigh my soul relieving
Bid me o'er visions of the future languish ;
O ! to a sense of duty strait restore me—
Thy dying accents brought *him* all before
me !”

XVIII.

But lo ! to the door's sudden creak
The colour deepen'd on her cheek,
'And "JESSE !" she essay'd to speak.
"Jesu Maria ! what all alone !
"Like you, laments not every one !
"But O ! had I lost such a mother, besure,
"For trouble I never should smile any more !
"And your father is sent to the west, they
all say,
"To fight with a rebel, and die in the fray !
"And your sister sneers at your distress—
"I dread her evil eye, no less
"Than that old hag, the *Prioress* !
"And that dark *Monk*, of shaven crown,
"Who stalks the cloysters up and down
"With giant gait and savage frown—
"From his scowl, as from a ghost, I start—
"But pray, my lady ! pray, take heart."

XIX.

“ Stay (Isabel cry’d) O Jesse ! stay !

“ My sire--’tis true--he is summon’d away--

“ I heard his steeds at dusk of day :

“ And, as they did the pavement paw,

“ They struck on my heart ! and O ! I saw

“ His white crest, like the stormy spray.

“ But, I trust, he will lose not a hair of his
head !

“ And did you see the cavalcade ?

“ And did you hear, when yester-night

“ Lady ALICE was buried by bloody torch-
light,

“ The hymn that clos’d the funeral rite ?

“ My poor dear mother !—on her bier

“ I shed—no—not a single tear !

“ My heart was full—my senses gone—

“ In the mid aisle, I dropp’d, like clay,

“ On a sepulchral stone !—

“ But when the fresh night-breeze had brought

“ My feeling back, and wandering thought ;

- “ When I beheld you bending near ;
“ I sigh’d and sigh’d, as from my breast
“ A burthen went that sore oppress’d ;
“ And should have still return’d, to hear
“ That requiem to affection dear,
“ Had I not met my sister’s glance—
“ So scornful, as she look’d askance !
“ It was a glance I could not bear—
“ Amidst the dismal glare !”
“ It gleam’d (said JESSE) to the torch
“ Gehenna-like, I swear !
“ As she forc’d me from the chapel-porch,
“ And hurried you off
“ With such a scoff,
“ And dar’d me with threats like the day of
doom,
“ On my life approach the arras-room !”

XX.

“Talk—talk, not so—’tis well—’tis well!—

(Half-chiding, spake fair ISABEL)

“Or rather, JESSE ! call to mind.

“Your Lady ALICE thro’ life so kind,

“And at the last ebb so resign’d !

“Then, could no human pencil paint

“The meekness of that blessed saint !

“When, but some hours before her death

“I fann’d her, oft as fail’d her breath,

“She look’d—it was an angel’s look—

“And with a tremulous pressure took

“My hand, and sigh’d : “I only grieve

“My orphan ISABEL to leave

“ (As my soul quits this nether sphere)

“A prey to guile and malice here.

“Would that thy heart, which often shews

“What prudence scruples to disclose,

“ (Discover’d in a blush, a sigh

“To spleen or vaunted sanctity)

“Hād kept, tho’ I thy vows approve,

“Had kept the secret of thy love.”

“O JESSE !—tho’ with many a pause—

“Did she repeat his sweet applause !

“How I admir’d (she said) that soul

“Which brook’d nor art, nor base controul !

“Generous in all the warmth of youth

“Was he, who doth thy heart possess ;

“And Heaven (I thought) his manly truth,

“His virtues rare, must surely bless !

“Yet have I suffer’d much distress,

“Oft in your loves foreboding ruth !

“For ah (she said and faintly smil’d)

“He is a heretic, my child !—

“Ee’n now doth MARY bid thy sire,

“Ere two short wintery days expire,

“Hunt over heath, thro’ fen and flood,

“All who may boast TREVANION’s blood.”

“And well, alas ! too well we know

“The queen, an unrelenting foe !

“ My ISABEL ! beware !

“ O there are some, who, not far hence,

“ In treachery leagued, but set the snare

“ To trap thine innocence !

“ That JACQUELINE, whom beneath our roof

“ The good Sir RICHARD yet protects,

“ Did wickedly—(my soul suspects)—

“ Deceive us by an artifice

“ I dread to name !—Sir RICHARD cries,

“ The mind's persuasion is not proof.

“ All I would say—the *Priorëss*, still

“ And MAWD I fear, are brooding ill.”

XXI.

“ Creak'd the harsh doors. A moment pale

“ Sweet ISABEL resum'd her tale.

“ Who, JESSE ! who, I said, could paint

“ The last hours of that blessed saint ?

“ Much less—that meekness on her face

“ Which, after death, yet left its trace

“ As in a sleepy lustre weak,
“ But fix’d in her undying cheek ?
“ Much less--that love whose quenchless fire
“ Yet featur’d in a languid streak
“ Not death itself could bid expire ?
“ O ! I have seen in autumn-sky—
“ (The sun’s last beams had met my eye)
“ Like that, a tincture have I seen,
“ So soft, so tender, so serene !
“ O ! when in stillness husht was all,
“ (A sear leaf did distinctly fall)
“ And the twilight air was as the dead,
“ Like that I saw the unfleeting red,
“ A feeble stain the heaven that cross’d
“ The brilliance of the hue was lost :
“ Lovely, tho’ faded was the flame—
“ Tho’ faint, it linger’d yet the same !”
Again the hinges jarr’d—near drew
Some steps ; when off light JESSE flew !

XXII.

Lone were the hours. The dinner-bell
To her was like that Curfew-knell
Which in elder time to the night-bird toll'd
When freedom died away, and linkt
With cordial worth was joy extinct;
When home was comfortless and cold.—
Yet the fair maid now meets the blaze
That brighten'd up to festive days,
And wakening no dishonest mirth
Illum'd the hospitable hearth!
Ah! cheerless now as shadows fall,
It wavers on the wainscot wall.

XXIII.

Of good Sir RICHARD's menial train,
All had been suffer'd to sustain
A part in his too perilous course;
Each arm'd with spear, and mounting horse;
Save the old *wardour*, drooping low,
Who pac'd the gateway, to and fro;

The *boteler*, who now serv'd the hall,
The *armourer* and the *seneschal*,
And *he* who once, when minstrel France
Was one wild region of romance,
Had harp'd to Richmond's royal train
The deeds of heroes battle-slain,
And triumph'd in the proud array
That blazon'd Bosworth's sanguine day.

XXIV.

The *boteler*, (such we grant to age)
Had us'd an old man's privilege,
And, acting still a faithful part,
Tried to speak comfort to her heart;
But that he saw her musing mood,
As solitary yet she stood,
And less and less (it seem'd) forlorn,
A balsam from the portrait drew
Refreshing to her spirits, as dew
To hyacinth that scents the morn!

Still, as each picture's eyes she caught,
She found a friend—the old man, thought—
In pity to a starting tear,
Where'er she look'd, each look'd on her
It was a sort of pensive gaze
From the pale forms of other days,
That sooth'd the anguish of her soul,
And from herself her sorrow stole.
On a gray dame the fire-blaze stream'd:
And, kindling as her features beam'd,
Defiance they appear'd to dart
On malice and insidious art,
Then, soften'd to expression mild,
To bless her unprotected child.

XXV.

And long did ISABEL's fancy rest
Complacent on the scarlet vest,
And gorgeous buttons wrought in gold,
Brilliant from many a fluid fold;

The chain on either side that hung,
And its linkt radiance richly flung ;
Full round the neck the plaited ruff,
Stiff on the coalblack hair the coif ;
Gemm'd bracelets that adorn'd the wrists,
The fingers, rings of amethysts.
But there came up at once a hollow sound,
From the stone-stairs winding round and
round !

And to heavy footsteps as they rang,
From her fond trance the mourner sprang,
And at the sight of sullen MAWD,
Shudder'd as if by guilt o'eraw'd.

XXVI.

Yet, tho' their tempers were at strife,
She never had, in former life,
From MAWD recoil'd with fear—
Tho' now she shook like the hunted deer !
Ah loveliness ! thine air serene,

Thy simple blush, thy pensive mien,
Do they accord with pride and spleen?
But ill assorted, from the first,
Together had they seldom play'd,
As frolic led their infant hours
Down sunny lane, thro' hedgerow-shade;
Or pluck'd, in green mead, pearled flowers
While drops the petals did depress;
Or cull'd from brook the cooling cress;
Or, pleasant to impatient thirst,
The sorrel sought when all was parcht,
Thro' glades by summer-blooms enarcht;
Or from their palms the rivulet quaff'd;
Or caught, perhaps, a dancing straw
The stream did to its eddy draw,
And carol'd to that straw, and laugh'd!
Yes! where in childhood deftly meet
Health rosy-fresh, and temper sweet,
Ere yet the world a bud doth blight,
Each gambol tells, the heart is light.

E'en in their shouts the Rhodian boys,
Meek tho' her unobtrusive mind,
Could little ISABEL have join'd,
And mix'd in all their vernal joys ;
Hailing, herald of the spring,
The first dear swallow's airy wing.
Far other, MAWD. The cheerful morn
To her was clad in murky weeds !
And, if she met a floret gay
Snapt from its stem, or rudely torn,
Full soon its withering shreds
Mark'd out her lonesome way !
The beetle did she love to greet,
And on her bodkin's point impale,
And of its house despoil the snail ;
And, as the girl her aves said,
Oft did the turf attract her feet,
If with the crackling race o'erspread ;
And, with alternate fall and tread,
Stamp'd was the sod, and dropp'd a head !

Then could she deem the herald dear
That sweetly told the springing year?
No!—whilst beside the chapel dim
(Casting devotion to the sky,
If father NICHOLAS were nigh)
She measur'd out—no scraph strain;
Oft would she aim, enrag'd, to arrest
The twitterers that disturb'd her hymn,
Brisk as they circled round the fane,
Or tear away their cloystral nest.
Nor did that viciousness disgrace
Her form, or lineaments of face.
Eyes, in petrific torpour cold,
(Unless a suddea glare
Did burst of angry passion speak)
The mole that etch'd a sallow cheek,
And red thin locks of frizzled hair—
Say, was one trait to truth inclin'd,
One, unrepulsive nor unkind,
Nor mark of a distorted mind?

Lo, to each dire prediction true,
To age mature the damsel grew.
Still, as of marble or of clay,
Her eyes seem'd quench'd without a ray.

XXVII.

Alas ! Lady ALICE dead and gone,
Could no grief melt those orbs of stone ?
Half-bowing, and ISABEL brushing by,
On her pendent cross she squinted her eye,
And beckon'd the *Prioress* up to her seat,
And father NICHOLAS, full meet
(His garb of sanctity put on)
To sympathize with fiend or nun !
Tall was his figure, stern his air ;
His visage furrow'd, as if there ran
Along its deep lines, pale and wan,
All that malignant is in man,
Leaving the dregs to blacken there ;
While cunning with ferocity
Sat brooding in his gloomy eye.

And ISABEL ! for dames and sires
In whom still "liv'd their wonted fires,"
Ah ! what a dread exchange was thine !—
That *Monk*, so harbouring dark design,
And that hoar *Prioress* JACQUELINE !

XXVIII.

Ah ! JACQUELINE !—not arm'd with switch
And mumbling curses, shrivel'd witch
Did e'er awaken such dislike,
Or as thy frown, with terror strike !
They said indeed, (and all believ'd
That death would shroud her up unshriev'd,
Her form was shadowless !
Still Lady ALICE (ah too good
Herself, to fear in others fraud)
Was her indulgent patroness
Whilst undissolv'd her nunnery stood ;
And midst the nunnery-walls carest,
MATILDA (so baptiz'd was MAWD)

A babe, was trusted to the breast
Of a creature of the *Prioress*,
But soon reclaim'd to Tamar-stream.
Yet MAWD in temper and in face
So like old JACQUELINE did seem,
And so unlike the EDGCUMBE race,
Strange things, in malice or in sport,
The tongue of satire did report.

XXIX.

Thus, mid these spirits by sad constraint
As sate dejected ISABEL,
Tho' in her features all the saint
Had resignation pictur'd well,
Sudden, he, who whilom strang
To old romance his travel'd harp,
(A panel sliding back) appear'd !
His placid look, his silver beard,
Those tones which so divinely rang—
Say, could they soothe reflexion sharp

In minds unconscious of a ray
Of heavenly light, as flow'd the lay !

XXX.

SONG.

I.

“ In camps and castles, now grown gray,
I have pass'd many a minstrel day ;
And peasant cots and cabins low
Once found me poor, and kept me so !
But, from my prime to wintry age,
Pleasant hath been my pilgrimage—
For I have hail'd, where-e'er I went,
My fellow-men, benevolent !

2.

If I approach'd the mansion proud,
Whose scutcheon'd front o'eraw'd the crowd
And ermin'd pomp drew every gaze,
The cloth of gold, the diamond blaze ;

Whether in hall or lady's bower,
I harp'd away the blithsome hour ;
In smiles, at tilt or tournament,
I read each heart—benevolent !

3.

If, as amidst a pause from war
Pavilion'd valour beam'd afar,
And unicorn or fleur-de-lis
Wav'd in armorial blazonry,
I swept the strings, in festal state
Where canopied the leader sate,
Or charm'd the soldier's humbler tent—
Still was each voice—benevolent !

4.

Where tabors wak'd the evening dance
As rang the vine-clad hills of France,
Oft have I join'd the social cheer
That gaily crown'd the purple year !
Oft have I seen the village train
The red-rich flask rejoicing drain ;

Welcom'd in every face content;
Hail'd every look—benevolent !”

The old *nun*, shuddering on her couch,
Betray'd such fears as guilt avouch;
And the dark *Confessor* look'd round,
Revolting as from every sound;
When thus again the veteran Bard,
Eyeing the groupe with arch regard:

(Song concluded)

5.

“ Yet hath the cross with influence kind
Man's native charity refin'd ;
And lid it sheathe the warrior-sword,
Inform the peasant and his lord ;
Breathe from the heart a purer sigh,
And gild the tear in beauty's eye !
Then were not priests in mercy sent ?
And are not nuns—benevolent ?”

XXXI.

The wintery sun had sunk to rest:
A glow yet linger'd in the west.
And high amidst that western glow,
Brighten'd the crescent moon to throw
Thro' the glimmering of the day,
A silver, solitary ray.
The air in dim transparence cold,
A pause of stillness seem'd to hold:
And, as the horizon's frosty blue
In crimson radiance flush'd anew,
The ivy, that its meshes flung
O'er shafts and clustering panes, and clung
To the chapel's northern wall,
Fell, deepening like a funeral pall.

XXXII.

It was within this wall was laid
Amid the charnel shade,
(Tis but a vault can grandeur claim !)

The Lady ALICE's mortal frame.
Contiguous to the wall, a tomb
Fast receding into gloom
Scarce could the eye discern.
There ISABEL, her loss to mourn,
Lean'd, for a while in sorrow mute ;
And now, preluding to her lute
Low tones (as ere the throstle's trill,
Faint whisperings breathe from dale or hill)
Bade the dulcet measure flow,
To lull the throbs of filial woe.

XXXIII.

SONG.

1.

' Dear to the soul of her who grieves
The lute's lov'd tones melodious part !
Each soft and liquid cadence leaves
A sweetness lingering o'er the heart.

2.

But when we feel the expression lost
In the rude winds, we grieve again;
In that cold pause lamenting most
That all the muse's aid was vain.

3.

In vain, alas ! would every air
Responsive to my vocal breath,
Its sorrows to my parent bear
Along the dull drear vault of death.

4.

Yet, could I deem, dear parted friend !
Could deem thy spirit hovering nigh,
That thought to every chord would lend
Delight—a charm to every sigh.

5.

Then should I think my wild notes sweet
Tho' to the gale that chills me, giv'n,

In trembling symphony would meet
Wafted by thee, the harps of Heaven !”

There was no want of tinkling lute,
Whilst, its feebler strings to suit,
Her soul was in each touching tone—
Her every accent, nature's own.

XXXIV.

But, ere the last note died,
“Beware that vault ! Begone !”
A voice she heard, tho' form was none.
Again—“That vault—that vault beware !”
It said : and somewhat seem'd to glide
Half-visible, into empty air
Vanishing. Pale fancy's sprite
So glides, and so eludes the sight.

XXXV.

As if to fly impending wrath,
She hasten'd, by a shorter path,

And reach'd, where black an ancient yew
Across the armoury-window threw
Its ominous boughs. Sullen and sad
Murmur'd a sound thro' all its shade;
Now rustling, where she enter'd, crept;
Now rising, the cold armoury swept.
Sudden, along the lofty wall,
On many a warrior-ghost to call,
The morion clank'd; and hoarselier sigh'd
The mail that sabre-stroke defied;
And shook the spear, that had made sport
On the plains of Azincourt;
And sobb'd the corslet to the shield
That had drunk blood in Cressy's field.

XXXVI.

ISABEL, with hurried gaze,
Thro' the wreathed window high,
Beheld the thin clouds scattering fly
Across the ruffled sky,

And, thro' their fleecy fragments white,
-A smokey, fiery light;
When, quick as vision trail'd afar
And, shooting to the earth its blaze,
Burst into myriad sparks, a star.

XXXVII.

"Hark to the voices in the blast !
"See—see that spirit—thy sire—it pass'd
"On the careering cloud !
"It is his winding sheet ! his shroud !"
She thought, she saw a lifted cowl ;
She thought, she saw a demon-scowl !
"What means"—(she cried) "for mercy
say !"
A gleamy figure sank away.

Conclusion to Canto first.

1.

Yes! whether mossy karne, or grey-stone
 cirque, [round and round,

Where gleam'd the spectral moon-dance
Or the deep wood, where slaughter plied
 its work,

That, in a visionary shade embrown'd,

To destiny and dire Astarte frown'd;

Or, whether (eist instinct with Heaven's
 own ray

To heal with blessed influence every
 wound) [may;—

The cross o'er millions scatter wild dis-
Still sacred fraud and power have led man-
 kind astray.

2.

Still flinging tenfold shadows over truth
(Whose orb how seldom uneclips'd ap-
pears)

Hath monkish artifice spread deadly ruth ;
And, wakening up our fondest hopes and
fears,

Bid us in terror walk, or droop in tears !
Still masqued in mummery, specious in pre-
tence,

Hath it embitter'd all that life endears ;
And, daring its own sanctions to dispense,
In mysteries dark involv'd parental Provi-
dence.

3.

Ah ! where but erst domestic comfort smil'd,
How oft impending from the pitchy cloud,
Hath superstition o'er her mourning child,
Flung, with fell arm, her pale sepulchral
shroud !

If, firm of soul where phantoms scare the
crowd,

The high possessor of yon' castled towers

To sable còwls hath not obeisant bow'd ;

If the fair maid hath claim'd her conscious

hours, [up the bowers.

Still pleasure shrinks its plume, nor love lights

THE
FAIR ISABEL OF COTEHELE,
A CORNISH ROMANCE.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SECOND.



The fair Isabel of Cotehele.

A CORNISH ROMANCE.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SECOND.

I.

In Arthur's age, when, Chivalry ! thy flame
Impetuous ran from warrior-breast to breast
When love, inspiring each adventurous aim,
Polish'd the heroic lance, and plum'd the
crest; [guest

When high carousals gave the knightly
To blazon many a deed to valour dear ;

'Twas then, on every action was imprest
Some stamp of more than mortal hope or
fear ; [muttering seer.

And wild the wizard danc'd, or scowl'd the

II.

If he, whose blade mow'd down the embat-
 tled field, [fight;
 Thro' heaps of carnage urg'd the foeman's
 'Twas magic temper'd his effulgent shield—
 The enchanter's car hung glorious o'er
 the fight! [quish'd knight,
 Weak from his wounds if sank the van-
 Delicious dews his fainting sense restor'd,
 And airy curtains veil'd his slumbers light,
 Transfix'd, if he fell breathless, his dread
 sword [ocean roar'd!
 Was caught into mid Heaven, rocks echoed,

III.

If in a waste of sighs the enamour'd chief
 Told his fond passion to the un pitying
 maid;
 From viewless beings lo! he sought relief,
 Some kind elf whispering thro' the
 charmed shade!

Whilst for her raven hair a roseate braid
Mid the soft gloom aerial fingers wove !

If beauty's melting blush his vows repaid,
Ah ! borne away on wings that scorch'd the
 grove, [vish'd love !
And clos'd in chamber drear, he rued his ra-

IV.

'Twas then its surge the north's dark ocean
 flung, (scal'd

O'er rough Tintagel's ramparts, yet un-
By any mortal wight, and wildly rung

Thro' all its island caverns ; nor avail'd

The arrowy flights where Merlin proud-
 ly sail'd, [mien !

And tower'd along the cliff the unearthly

And other Uthers still their Merlin
 hail'd,

To other fair Igermes, all unseen,

Gliding in secret guise where smil'd their
 elfin queen.

V.

'Twas then if revel'd earl or Cornish prince

Where Trematoun, deep-moated, rose
sublime, [to evince,

The enchanter's horn, some fair one's faith

Or sudden to detect her covert crime —

That horn went round, the sport of bardic rhyme ! [mighty keep,

'Twas then where frown'd Dunheved's

(Vast massy pile to mock the power of
time)

Some giant grim lay lock'd in witch'd sleep,

And hissing dragons watch'd the immeasur-
able sweep.

VI.

Amid such scenes, that all in hues array'd,

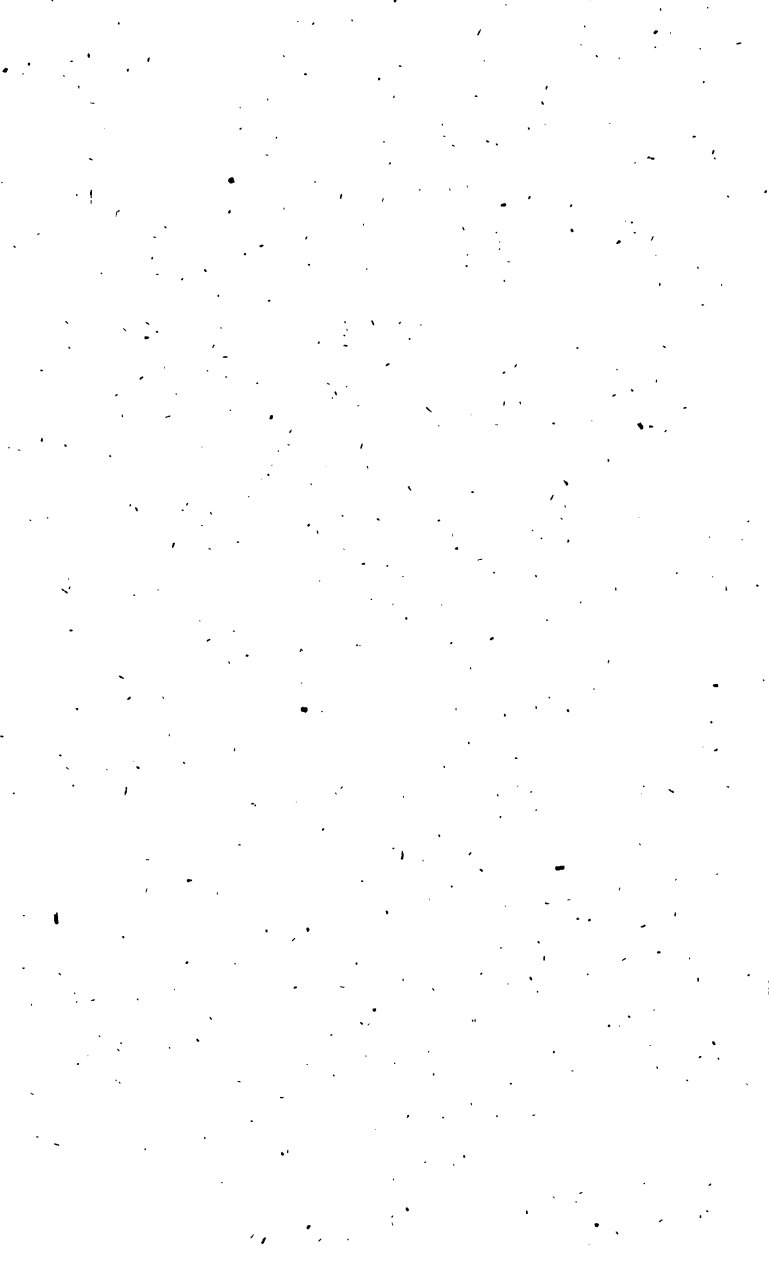
By fond credulity delusive glow'd,

The haunted tower, the faery-featur'd glade;

Lo, terror saw the necromancer's rod

Smite, sacrilegious smite the shrines of
God!

And, dipt alas ! in azure-tinctur'd flame
The red-cross tremble in the saint's abode;
And, in the cleansing basin's holy gleam
View'd with unchristian eyes, "the spirit of
the stream !"



THE
FAIR ISABEL OF COTEHELE,
A CORNISH ROMANCE.

CANTO SECOND.

VOL. I. H 2



The fair Isabel of Cotehele.

A CORNISH ROMANCE.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

IT was a mild and open day;
And warm was the meridian ray,
And rich upon Cotehele's calm tower.—
Amidst December-frowns was rare
An azure heaven so still and fair:
But we distrust the treacherous noon,
And feel its smile must vanish soon,

Where all in sky and glen and bower
Is gentle as the summer-hour.

II.

Up to the bulwarks, green
In softer swell, the park was seen,
As it sloped round with ample sweep;
Save, where now in shadow deep,
Open'd, low-arch'd, a postern-door,
To a white marble floor
That autumn's leafy wreck
Had ting'd with many an oozy streak.

III.

Thence, to a path a wicket led
Where ancient laurels, overhead,
Flung wide their long-leav'd branches high,
Green in perennial majesty!
Grouped the southern bastion near,
Stalk'd an old stag amidst the deer;

And his beamy frontlet white
Shone for a moment dazzling-bright,
As aloft his antler-boast
To the sun he exulting toss'd :
And the spotted fawns in many a maze
Frisk'd thro' the noontide blaze.

IV.

Circling the castle-walls and park
With shades for generations dark,
Above, from the hill's rocky brow,
And from the shelving grounds below,
A march of woodland rang'd afar—
Extensive trees of various height!
But oaks, to strike the wondering sight,
Their extravagant arms outstretch'd
Wildly thro' the waves of air—
Oaks—to whose ambitious tops
The inferior grove were lowly copse,
As in brown vigour whole, or white.

In sapless age, they reach'd
The ethereal canopy !
So that embosom'd all in oak,
To the distant traveller's eye,
The lordly mansion broke.

V.

In better days, when nature wore
To her a universal smile,
When not the young roe frolick'd mere ;
ISABEL, with airy feet
Skimm'd the conspicuous park, to greet
A flower, a plant, a lady-bird—
No envious demon seen or heard ;
And vaulted o'er the parkway stile ;
And, heedless by what eye pursued,
Danc'd, or saunter'd down the wood.
But now, one little hour to seize,
Stealing amidst the laurel-trees,
She had soon pass'd a sunny glade,
And strait was veil'd by forest-shade ;

To visit her neglected cave
That overbrow'd the Tamar-wave.

VI.

Rugged with fibrous roots and flint,
The dimwood footpath downwards bent,
And wound where birches spir'd above,
Or wander'd thro' an elmy grove,
Or darken'd to a beechen screen,
While mountain ashes peep'd between.
There were no blooms; no verdure bright,
No scions that love vernal light;
No lithe ash-spray that whispering waves
The soft green of its feathery leaves.
Yet polisht stems of silver hue,
The browner bark, where ivy threw
Its tendrils, and its topmost rings
Clasp'd the young shoots with deadly stings;
The oak-leaf, tawny in decay;
And, weetless of the winter's rage,

Hollies that gave their green to aspire
Without a prickle to the sky, -
As in negligent attire
They grew with growing years more gay
And smooth'd their wrinkles in old age ;
And pale the birch's purplish dye ;
And firs that duskier lift their crests
Proud as they boast unfading vests—
Bade, round the steep, the pathway flints
Gleam thro' diversity of tints.

VII.

And shone (tho' whilom from below
Shut out by the full summer-flow
Of lavish leaves) the river's course ;
Its gentler tide, its torrent-force ;
Here, flashing in a sudden break ;
There soften'd, a long silver streak ;
Here, chequer'd by a gliding sail ;
There glimmering but in glimpses pale ;

As seen hard by, or view'd afar
Mid bosky dingle, lawn or lair.

VIII.

Turning abrupt, the o'ershadow'd path
Descends, where in a rock beneath
A wide-scoop'd cavern yawns. Far down
From the cave's entrance, lichens brown
Encrust the limerock's chasmed side—
Its broad base wash'd by Tamar's tide.

IX.

Dear was this cave to ISABEL—
Secluded as the nunnery-cell,
Or as the silent hermitage—
Dear was this cave from infant age.
Here might, in sooth, the hermit gray
His quiet rosary love to say.

X.

And more did she the cavern prize ;
As (when the red-rose and the white
Fiar'd ominous to decide in fight
Of many a house the destinies)
Her great grandsire had nigh this spot
Eluding his pursuers shot,
(While the copse deepen'd as to wrap
His body in a denser gloom)
Dash'd to their seeming in the wave—
They heard the plunge ; and his floating cap
Sure signal of immersion gave—
The inscription on his watery tomb !
And when fierce swords again were sheath'd
And with the peaceful olive wreath'd,
He rear'd ; at the cavern-rock,
A fabric that his praises spoke,
Nor shall to ages speak in vain—
He rear'd the monumental fane !

XI.

From the cavern's roof, a rill
Did rippling in pure drops distil;
Tho' late its trickling paus'd, to emboss
In silent ice, the virid moss.
Now fluid, half-way-down, it curl'd,
And in the fretted rockstone purl'd,
To bid its restless whirling wear
An alabaster basin there;
Thence briskly bubbled, to o'erflow
And tinkle on the floor below;
And, parted into many a thread,
Where shaggy tufts the chasm o'erspread,
Long, ere it reach'd the river's course,
Expended all its pigmy force,
As in soft dews and milky spray
It froth'd its little life away.

XII.

Wild o'er the cave the sweet woodbine
Had lov'd in amorous folds to twine :
And tho' the jasmine, which its stars
Erst twinkled to favonian airs,
Weak and leafless, shrank from sight,
The myrtle revel'd in the light.

XIII.

And what at this uncertain hour
Was to the pensive ISABEL
The sweetest pleasure of her bower ?
The sunbright rill, the jasmine flower,
The myrtle-bloom she valued well.
For not alone, she bade the rill
Down the cavern-roof distil ;
And not alone, the myrtle blow,
Or jasmine wink its stars below.
And she could paint, as memory's spell
Did all her soul to love attune,
Midst icy rigours, genial June.

XIV.

But, hovering o'er her woodbines wild,
Had fonder dreams her grief beguil'd.
The summer-nests that still were seen
Tho' arid now, or dusky green,—
Ah ! crept not from one summer-nest
Something like tremour to her breast ?
And lo ! that moment flitting by,
And (now less diffident and shy)
Glancing back his lively eye—
Say, was the little trembling wren
That flies so far the haunts of men
To huddling brook and gloomy glen,
Yet seem'd to seek her former care—
Say, was he an intruder there ?

XV.

There ISABEL nor tried to suit
Her voice to dulcet strings, that mute
Now slept in her suspended lute ;

Nor utter'd word ; but sigh'd distress,
And gazing long, stood motionless ;
Nor heeded JESSE's presence nigh ;
Nor ask'd for JESSE's sympathy !
Yet both were roving, sooth to say,
In fancy the same faery way.

XVI.

' Six moons ago (thought ISABEL)
We fondly hail'd our favourite cell.
These tendrils were our mutual care ;
My EDWARD look'd with pleasure there.
Ah, perish'd is their purple hue !
And shall sweet hope thus perish too ?
That moss by parching winter dried—
Young joy thus withering died !
Yet doth it still adorn my bower,
Pale relic of a precious hour !
It was on that enchanting eve,
When village-ghosts their churchyards leave

To visit each enamour'd maid,
And give to fear the deepening shade,
He bade the adieu to memory dear—
His voice still vibrates on my ear!

XVII.

But JESSE's were far softer sighs ;
And sparkled her young hazel eyes ;
Tho' seriousness would intervene,
And lightly cloud the smiling scene !
O'er all that night of pleasing pain
She wander'd back in thought again,
When, tranc'd in momentary swoon,
She rose and shriek'd to the glimpsing moon.
Yet, tho' she own'd misgiving fear,
And her eye was dimm'd with a frequent
tear ;
Yet hope vouchsaf'd a gladd'ning ray,
And fancy chas'd each tear away !

XVIII.

Sudden, the stilly trees between,
(As first the rolling fog is seen)
From the distant woodland broke
And strait aspir'd a cloud of smoke.
' Whence could the vapoury volume rise ?'
Thought JESSE, kindling with surprize,
And listening with attentive ear—
' Perhaps, of him I yet may hear.'
For she had ask'd, with eager eye,
Of every stranger passing by,
Each day, and almost every hour,
' If any *seaman* to the bower
' A mile just off, by Tamar's side,
' Had shot his shallop o'er the tide ?'

Again she glanc'd o'er all the scene,
Thro' her dark eyelashes I ween;
And winc'd and blush'd, and smiling arch
Decided on a wildwood march :
And nimbly did she go, like faery,
Her form so slender, small and airy,

And, ere an eye could note her flight,
Like faery, vanish'd from the sight.

XIX.

Soon Jesse deem'd her trip was vain;
For she had almost sprung amain
Where jabber'd a rude gipsey-train.
From out their tent the cranelike neck,
The sunburnt brow, the tawny cheek,
The sloeblack eye's observance keen,
Plump boys, and wrinkled hags were seen.
But one, in tatter'd garments drest
Limping, advanc'd before the rest;
Her broad hat o'er her features flapt—
With a scarf her head profusely wrapt.

XX.

“My pretty nymph—God bless thee well!”
“My mistress waits beyond the dell!”—

“ Sweet girl ! together will we go ! ”
The fear-struck JESSE whisper’d—“ No ! ”
But, the crone follow’d, (tho’ before
Her crutch she appear’d bending o’er)
And cross’d, as fleets a shadowy gleam,
The old pine-bridge that arch’d the stream.

XXI.

Panting and breathless JESSE reach’d
The cavern, and her arms outstretch’d
As if imploring aid :
But ISABEL, left all alone,
Wist not, that JESSE had been gone
And started from her sudden shade.

XXII.

“ Nymph of delight ! hold out thy palm !
(The gipsey cried) “ I give thee balm
“ To quiet every lovesick quahn !

"Come, let me read those mystic lines—

"Ah ! thy assenting blush inclines !

"For pleasure thou art born, I trow !

"Then lovely maid ! why tremble so ?"

XXIII.

Still more with heighten'd colour blushing,

A deeper dye her bosom flushing,

As in the sunblaze yet more bright

The rich carnation drinks the light,

She bade her rural muse impart

A strain to try the gipsey's art.

XXIV.

SONG.

I.

"O tell me, why by day, O tell me why by
night [sight?

'Tis only one sweet flower is pleasant to my

Unless I see the rose, by day I waste and
weep; [sleep.

Unless I see the rose, by night I cannot

2.

If down the dale so green, I cast my wishful
eye,

'Tis barren all and dark, if I no rose espy :

If on the shadowy wood the moon so soft re-
pose,

I do not love her light unless I see the rose.

3.

If in my visions wild, I wander o'er the sea

Tho' curl the tranquil tide, it is not calm to
me— [roses strew :

Till now some faery power the expanse with

Then smooth'd is every surge o'er ocean
heavenly-blue.

4.

Tho' nigh some foundering ship I view the
 sea-wraith's form, [the storm;
As to the winds he shrieks, and lashes up
All into peace is hush'd !—for lo, my crim-
 son leaves. [blushing waves.
Scatter'd by gentle sprites, glance o'er the

5.

Then tell me why by day, O tell me why by
 night, [my sight ?
'Tis only that sweet flower is pleasant to
Unless I see the rose, by day I waste and
 weep ! [sleep !
Unless I see the rose, by night I cannot

XXV.

Expiring the last note, at once
The gipsey sang, in sweet response :

SONG.

1.

" I knew a maiden, a brunette

The cottag'd Tamar's pride :

Her glossy locks were black as jet ;

Her eyes with the day-star vied.

To her was mid-summer full dear—

Its evening how blended with pleasure and
fear.

2.

It was on that thrice-hallowed eve,

When the haunted hour drew nigh,

Her growing terror to relieve,

She did talk to herself and sigh !

The church-clock was ready to tell thro'

the gloom, [was come !

That the moment of spectres, pale midnight

3.

To hasten from beneath the thatch

Where twinkled her light of rush,

With a shaking hand she uplifted the latch,
And, gliding by the hawthorn bush,
The church-yard she reach'd, and she hung
on the yew [rous or true.
What would say, if her sailor were treache-

4.

Her orpine on the yew she hung,
And look'd with a fearful eye :
But chain'd in silence was her tongue,
And pent in her bosom the sigh :
And, blancht in the beam of the glittering
north-star,
Her face—it resembled the cheek of despair.

5.

The moon now breaking thro' a cloud,
She ran to a recent grave : shroud,
She had heard, ere she saw him in his
The lover in madness rave !

And she kiss'd the grass-turf, and with lilies
entwin'd, [I find!"]
And whisper'd, "So faithful my love may

6.

And last did she the charm'd seed sow ;
And her quivering voice died on my ear—
Ah ! scarce could it utter : " my true love
shall mow !" [appear,
When, shuddering as if she had seen him
And starting, as if from the stride of a ghost,
She fell on the sward, and her senses were
lost.

7.

But if the girls my skill would try,
As from a ghost they need not start !
Into their secrets as I pry,
They will not dread a gipsy's art.
Every doubt it is mine, my sweet maid ! to
compose,
And e'en to unravel a dream of the rose."

XXVI.

Archly she cried—"If you mean me!"
And dropp'd a sly half-curtesy—

SONG.

1.

"I was then, in sooth, a cottage maid,
Of my own shadow quite afraid;
And, as I thro' my vagaries ran,
I met a fine young gentleman
Whom some-one would rejoice to see—
If you mean me!

2.

But how you could such matters know,
Would puzzle the de'el to say, I trow!
For there was neither carle nor crone
Nigh the cot or the church, when the clock
struck one!

O! it is all a mystery—
If you mean me!

3.

Yet, good my dame, since you can tell
What is past and gone so well,
You, sure, have power to bid me look
A little into fortune's book;
Whatever my poor hap may be—
If you mean me !”

XXVII.

SONG.

1.

“ Then let me see your pretty palm—
Cease, cease your fluttering fears !—be
calm !

In every line, distinct and clear,
I read your wishes answer'd are :
No curves perplext or crost I trace—
They are as lovely as your face.

2.

Last mid-summer at fall of dew,
Ere eve its duskier curtain drew,
The rose you sever'd from its stem,
So sweet in vision and in dream ;
And, with a constant maiden's care,
You guard it from the piercing air.

3.

Ere morrow's dawn the shadows flee
Your moss-rose shall you dance to see—
Fragrant to meet the new-year's morn
To-morrow, on your bosom worn !
And lo ! your lips with kisses prest,
He plucks it from your panting breast."

XXVIII.

Scarce paus'd the song ; when ISABEL flew
(And wonder'd at the stupid trance
That had with-held her instant glance)
Into the gipsey's arms !

A lover's eye can mimic geer,
Can sound deceive a lover's ear ?
No ! tho' the gipsey-strain was new,
And the crone character'd so well,
How often trembled ISABEL !
O ! it was EDWARD's self so true !
He had, long gazing on her charms,
And panting to throw off disguise,
Now bid a cadence, now a tone
Awake in her a wild surprize—
Till one sigh stamping him her own—
Rush'd back upon her heart whole years —
His words, his actions, wishes, tears !

XXIX.

“ My Edward ! ” — “ O my life (he cried)
“ Could I but say, my heaven-linkt bride !
“ By stealth I came these woods to explore,
“ Scarce picturing such an hour !
“ Tho' in my hopes I met you here,

- " (What hope will not a lover bless !)
" Where all to childish pastimes dear,
" And to our fond vows dearer still,
" Summons back bliss, and shuts out ill,
" Elysian happiness !
" Yes ! tho' amid the inclement waste,
" Or black from rains, or hoar from rime,
" Be all the woodland ; yet we taste
" The flavour of the vernal prime.
" Our little bower of bloom still glows
" Midst naked trunks and shivering snows."

XXX.

SONG.

I.

- " Ah ! tell me why, and tell me true,
 Why dearer is this spot to me,
Than first where balmy breath I drew
 Far west, beside the surging sea ?

2.

I love my home. 'Twas there I play'd—
There gather'd, yet an infant child,
Along the beach, amidst the glade,
My glittering shells, my florets wild.

3.

I love my home. Maternal care
Guided my little steps along:
I caught the last fond accent there
That quiver'd on a parent's tongue.

4.

Then tell me why, and tell me true,
Why dearer is this spot to me,
Than first where balmy breath I drew,
Far west, beside the surging sea?"

'Twas the first carol charm'd the grove,
Redolent of earliest love.

XXXI.

SONG.

1.

"And why to my too feeling mind
Is this my native place so dear,
As if it had some chain to bind
In lasting links my being here?"

2.

I need not ask. 'Twas this calm scene
Witness'd ere, yet a stranger, I
Had mark'd the mazy ways of men,
My purest grief, my purest joy.

3.

For 'twas this spot on my young cheek
Saw the first flush of pleasure rise,
And saw, its little woe to speak,
The first tear dim my infant eyes."

XXXII.

SONG.

1.

"Is there no sweeter reason, why
We love this charming spot? So sly
I read the reason in your eye,

My Isabel!

2.

Fair was young life, alas! how fair,
When I could greet, without a care,
Your budding bloom, your joyous air,

My Isabel!

3.

When first we frisk'd in thoughtless glee,
Brushing the dew-drops merrily,
You were a babe almost to me;

My Isabel!

4.

But happy both in frolic play,
We laugh'd the moments wild away!

And dearer still was each new day ;

My Isabel !

5.

Then the coy violet did I seek,

Hastening your crisped hair to deck,

Or strang the haws to grace your neck;

My Isabel !

6.

Then would I run with nimble feet,

To bid the ripest strawberry meet

Your brighter lips, your breath more sweet,

My Isabel !

7.

But most—they were first train'd by you.—

We rear'd these woodbines—as they grew

Clasp'd in soft union, all so true.

My Isabel !

8.

Tho' now so shrivel'd, scarce we trace
Their pale stems at the cavern-base,
'Twas then we hail'd their sweet embrace,
My Isabel !

9.

'Twas then, as twin'd in silky rings
They seem'd to whisper secret things,
Their honey'd treasures left no stings,
My Isabel !

10.

"How should we joy in such a link"!
You once did say, but oft did think
With melting glance and artless wink,
My Isabel !

11.

And sighing all so innocent—
You said, you knew not what it meant !

But to my heart your sighing went,

My Isabel !

12.

'Twas, ere we parted, sighing so,

We mark'd a wren flit to and fro

'And thrid our woodbines full in blow,

My Isabel !

13.

Lo, burnisht by a sunbeam bright,

Her cradling moss allur'd our sight

How mellow that last evening-light,

My Isabel !

14.

Soft was the summer-air ; the flowers

Breath'd incense ; and the golden hours

Danc'd to delight ! What bliss was ours,

My Isabel !

15.

Your gentle hands—their trembling touch—

The tincture of your lips—and such
Your witching smile—it was too much,

My Isabel!

16.

'Twas then from those dear lips I stole
Life, more than life! Soul-mix'd with soul!
Then clasping I possess'd you whole,

My Isabel!

17.

'Twas in that moment, nothing loath,
You swore, 'twas in one breath we both
Swore to be true!—a thrilling oath!

My Isabel!

18.

Ah! woven as in faery braid,
From faithful memory ne'er shall fade,
The kiss, the oath, the woodbine-shade,

My Isabel!

19.

Then can't you guess the reason, why
We love this charming spot? So sly
I read the reason in your eye,
My Isabel!"

XXXIII.

"Trifle not so—but tell me all—
"What incidents Heaven bade befall,
"As now six lingering moons are pass'd,
"Since here we held sweet converse, last.
"Already hath my fate, I guess,
"My terrors and distress,
"Left as I am an orphan here,
"Already hath they met thine ear.
"Alas! our bigot queen's command
"Bade my poor sire with armed band
"Speed westward as to seize his prey!—
"Hah!—some dire ill thy looks betray!—
—"He linger'd, day succeeding day,

“ Dispatching heralds to excuse
“ By fair pretences such delay ;
“ When lo, a second mandate came,
“ That menac’d fortune, life and fame ;
“ And, sudden tho’ our brightest views
“ My mother’s death now plung’d in gloom,
“ To dally, were to court the doom
“ Of those who disobey !” —

XXXIV.

She stopp’d, and trembled. And he cried—
“ Thy sire is safe ! I joy to say—
“ Tho’ yester was a bloody day !” —
When his gipsy-dress flung half aside,
High youth appear’d in manly pride.
And a radiance from the sun, aslant,
Thro’ sprays that veil’d the sylvan haunt,
Was, on his brow, a lustrous streak,
A blush, on his brown glowing cheek,
And (gradual beauty to unfold)

On his dark eyelash, a shadowy ray
That languish'd as in amorous play,
And on his bright hair, fluid gold'.
But, as the breeze, his locks between,
Fann'd the left temple's azure vein,
The sunbeam touch'd a recent scar
Disclos'd amidst the parted hair !

XXXV.

" My love !"—in pale alarm she cries—
And tearful met their glistening eyes.
O, in a stream, so soft, so bright,
Were mix'd the mutual rays ;
(Thus had they look'd in earlier days)
That, chain'd as by a wizard charm,
They shook with tremulous delight !
And she forgot her " pale alarm,"
Delirious in the sweet suspense !
It was a rapture too intense !
They totter'd both from dizziness ;

Till, as he mark'd the fainting maid,
He clasp'd her waist, and sighing said :
“ Q ! to relieve my love's distress,
“ And give to her fast-beating heart
“ All that I suffer'd, all I did,
“ Since we were doom'd to part—
“ Ere ceas'd my story, could I bid
“ In morrow's dawn the stars grow pale,
“ And still protract the various tale !
“ Long, long could I unwearied tell,
“ How Cornwall's youth, ere Calais fell,
“ Still foremost where high honour calls,
“ Drove back the assailants from the walls,
“ Nor sheathing the terrific blade
“ Still hail'd their EDWARD's sable shade !
“ But I must hasten to portray
“ The heroic deeds of yesterday.

XXXVI.

“ Scarce wafted from a foreign strand
“ Had I regain'd my native land,

- “ Ere on the white cliffs o’er Caerhayes,
“ I saw the hostile beacon blaze,
“ And flickering in the ghastly glare;
“ The banner’d scallops wave in air.
“ Over woodland beach and lawn,
“ Its dusky shadows eve had drawn.
“ But, where with light the crags were flusht,
“ Up the rude beacon-rock I rush’d :
“ And to my ear the torchmen told,
“ How thence had sped TREVANION bold ;
“ And how the kindled beacon bade
“ His tenant-train from hill or glade
“ Pursue his steps where sylvan Glen
“ Would aid their cause with gallant men ;
“ And how Sir RICHARD, from Cotehele,
“ Smit by queen Mary’s merciless zeal,
“ And girt with formidable force,
“ To meet TREVANION bent his course.

XXXVII.

“ Sudden I felt a fearful chill,
“ From some presentiment of ill.
“ Sudden, I felt the coward’s pang,
“ As, far below me, lances rang,
“ And bowmen their full quivers slang
“ And on the cliffstone where I stood
“ Some fell magician seem’d to brood,
“ Whilst the balefire broad and red
“ Bade darkness deepen overhead,
“ Like the vast coping of a cave,
“ And edg’d with flame the distant wave.

XXXVIII.

“ Yet I dismiss’d my boding fear :
“ And, as a hope obscurely rose,
“ That I might haply interpose
“ Between old friends and seeming foes,
“ I headed now in martial geer
“ Soldiers who rival’d Scottish clan—

“ To whom might Scot the bonnet vail
“ From Yarrow-cleugh to Nithisdale ;
“ Whose valorous fathers claim’d the van
“ Then eastward strait our route began.

XXXIX.

“ Scowl’d the spirit of the night ;
“ And it seem’d to gather tenfold shade
“ And fierce amidst the flambeau light
“ Swept on our cavalcade.
“ Sail’d tremulous on the eye St. Ewe ;
“ And the pinnacles of old Polmear
“ Shook their blasted ivy drear,
“ And vanish’d from the view.
“ And full display’d St. Austel-tower
“ Fleeted away as it toll’d out one—
“ And St. Blazey’s rock to the spectred hour
“ A moment glimps’d and the next was gone.
“ And we clatter’d nigh Tregrean, the ground
“ Where oft with hawk and horn and hound,

- “ My father twanging his cross-bow,
“ I leap’d to see the quarry laid low.
“ Onward we sped ;
“ And still as the dead,
“ Where slept Lestwithiel’s steepled town,
“ Impetuous down
“ Thro’ its hollow street
“ We descended like the torrent sheet !
“ Breaking from the vale hard by,
“ A ruin’d fortress caught the flame.
“ But again in gloom, thro’ the yawning wall
“ A sparkle I met from a fiery eye ;
“ The sparkle was lost ; and without aim
“ I bade my random arrow fly ;
“ Nor whistled it in vain—
“ The prowling felon fox was slain !
“ Brave omen ! cried our archers all.
“ And now, ere yet Lanhydroc’s moat
“ Swam on our sight, the hills between,
“ A whirlwind arose ;

- “ And, sharp and big, its hail-bolts smote
“ Our ringing armour—(dire the din—)
“ And dash’d along the drifted snows.
“ And lo, as frighten’d from his lair,
“ A red stag in the flambeau glare :
“ I saw his shadowy antler’d form
“ Majestic amidst the storm !
“ It was a troublous night !
“ Still we press’d on with an eagle’s flight !
“ When suddenly with dread astound,
“ Our cavalry all wheeling round,
“ Stood as if fasten’d to the ground.
“ In truth, it was a blaze [rays !
“ That extinguish’d at once the flambeau
“ I heard a hissing in the blast !
“ O’er dreary Roche the fireball pass’d :
“ And its hermit-rock, with wild approach,
“ Seem’d as if whirl’d away from Roche !
“ Brownwilley too, primeval mass !
“ And Rowtor, as rent from its base,

- “ Rush’d in an instant forth—
“ Mighty crags that blend with heaven,
“ By lightnings molten oft and riven !—
“ Again one undistinguish’d waste
“ Were the low-brow’d sky and the glim-
mering earth—
“ One blackness, that did blacker grow
“ From the cold gleam of moorland snow.

XL.

- “ Long with sleety influence froze
“ Did the grim morn salute the moor ;
“ Tinting, on hillock, pool, or swamp,
“ The paly reeds and rushes green,
“ As with a dubious moonlight sheen ;
“ Ere our steeds with a rapid tramp
“ Smok’d down Glynn-dale. With shrill
war-hoop.
“ There had I join’d my uncle’s troop,
“ When “yonder comes high VALETORT!”
“ Ran thro’ our ranks the pale report;

“ And, sounding its wild note,
“ Bray’d the clarion’s brazen throat.

XLI.

“ Full on his foe Sir RICHARD rode ;
“ And fierce the impatient charger glow’d,
“ And neigh’d and beat each fiery hoof,
“ As he beckon’d his lancemen to hang
 back aloof !—
“ You would have thought, in tourney-fight,
“ They were met rival knight with knight.
“ ’Twas in a dell they seem’d clos’d in
“ Below the mansion-dome of Glynn.
“ A brook, here cross’d by wooden bridge,
“ To howling winter swell’d its roar
“ As it dash’d its cavern’d floor ;
“ And there, high-pinnacled, a ridge
“ Of granite all retreat denied—
“ Deep forests darkening either side.

“ There VALETORT had from Glynn-dome,
“ Spurr’d down the hill his steed in foam,
“ Ere yet TREVANION could emerge
“ To meet him on the upland verge,
“ Plung’d in the flood the war-horse white;
“ And, dreadful as the water-sprite,
“ From out the torrent leap’d, and champ’d
“ The burnisht bit, and pawing tramp’d
“ All of his purple housings vain;
“ And, like the meteor, stream’d his mane,
“ Whilst for the battle he neigh’d again!
“ Aloft by ermin’d herald rais’d
“ The bristling boar in argent blaz’d!

XLII.

“ Scarlet and black was TREVANION’S
plume,
“ That waving wildly seem’d to spread
“ O’er his red-roan horse a baleful shade,
“ Like the fiery skirts of the thunder-gloom!

XLIII.

- “ Hemm’d in between the flood and rock,
“ The chieftains, each with wary eye,
“ Bending pois’d their spears on high,
“ And aim’d the deadly stroke !
“ Mutual was the mighty shock.
“ Rattled TREVANION’s ribs of steel
“ To the stoutest weapon of old Cotehele !
“ And, tall in stature and large in limb,
“ As giant Corineus grim,
“ Yet back he began to reel !
“ When, snatching his battle-axe, the
 fierce knight
“ From his saddle arose in all his might,
“ And struck on the crest of Sir RICHARD
 amain !
“ The casque was cleft almost in twain ;
“ And danc’d, I trow, Sir RICHARD’s brain—
“ We for a moment thought him slain.

XLIV.

“ In vain did I a parley call—

“ All had rush’d in—aye, one and all !

“ My voice was scorn’d, and vengeance
flash’d ;

“ On either side as broadswords clash’d !

“ And deafening were the dissonant jars

“ Of hawbecks and of visor-bars ;

“ And like hoar-frost, was scatter’d round

“ The plumage that had helmets crown’d ;

“ And flew from the troop of the western
chief

“ Of cross-bow arrows oft a sheaf ;

“ And splinter’d were spears of long tough
yew,

“ And iron corslets were pierc’d thro’ ;

“ And lances were shiver’d, and daggers
embu’d

“ In fountains of fraternal blood !

- “ And the brook that brawl’d thro’ Glynn
 was red ; [bled,
“ And rough knarled trunks and branches
“ As if its vital fluid broke
“ From the heart of the forest-oak !
“ And the old wreath’d roots were clotted
 with gore ;
“ When I heard—“ TREVANION’S bow-
 men are fled !
“ And many lie low to rise no more !”
“ And lo ! some struggled the crag to scale ;
“ Some buffeted, from terror pale,
“ The stream, and struck into the glen,
“ Or flounder’d in the sedgy fen.
“ His rider gone, from his nostrils a horse
“ Here snorted forth lightnings or trampled
 a corse !

XLV.

- “ His teeth TREVANION gnash’d in rage,
“ As he saw Sir RICHARD, to engage
“ His matchless strength, again advance,
“ And couch’d his menacing lance.
“ The threaten’d stroke was lost in air—
“ When Caerhayes’s charger high
“ Rear’d up his glittering panoply,
“ Then, downwards dash’d the furious hoof.
“ That moment did the knight assail
“ Right-manfully TREVANION’s mail,
“ Where o’er the breast it clos’d :
“ For lo, no longer interpos’d,
“ The guardian shield was gone.
“ The mail-plates were not weapon-proof?
“ And the long lance quivering there,
“ The fierce red-roan
“ O’er full two roods impetuous sprang,
“ And tumbling (as the echoes rang
“ From within their rocky bed)

- " Of limbs and armour a huge heap,
" Man and horse roll'd among the dead.
" So tumbles and so rolls the deep !
" TREVANION, midst his overthrow,
" For an instant darted on the foe
" A look as if madness had seiz'd his mind,
" Then sternly calm his sword resign'd.

XLVI.

- " 'Twas then, where I observ'd a priest
" A dying man in act to shrieve,
" I hasten'd, willing to assist
" (If any effort could relieve)
" A fall'n antagonist.
" For I had slain that man, I fear'd,
" Alas ! his merited reward.

XLVII.

- " Trickt in oriental garb,
" All on a fine Arabian barb,

“ He had singled me out in the dire affray,

“ And leap’d, as a tigress on her prey,

“ And as if in revenge, tho’ my beaver was
down,

“ Had hack’d my helmet-crown !

“ All as a combatant unskill’d,

“ A sabre was he fain to wield,

“ And in my heart-blood would have
drench’d ;

“ But the weapon from his hand I wrench’d

“ And plung’d it in his side :—

“ ’Twas by his rashness that he died.

XLVIII.

“ ’Twas now, his beaver all unbarr’d,

“ His targe whilst I essay’d to unclasp,

“ Ferocious that he stared,

“ And seiz’d my hand, and wrung,—

“ It was an agonizing grasp !

“ And falter’d, as choakt by his last gasp,

““ISABEL””!’ feebly from his tongue !
“ I had escap’d without a wound ;
“ But chill’d by his comfortless cold moan,
“ And lost to all around,
“ As I heard that sacred name
“ Which like a deathnote came,
“ I was rous’d by a stab from a hand un-
known !”

XLIX.

Ere EDWARD ceas’d, she started off,
And deem’d a crackling thro’ the trees
(They were unshaken by a breeze)
Was haply from some wandering deer !
Again a sound she seems to hear,
And (tho’ no form she sees)
These were the solemn notes yet soft :—

L.

SONG.

1.

"Where sleeps in sacred slumber stern,
I could not break the dread repose
Of adamantine Kaliburn !
But I have brought thee Sharon's rose.

2.

I could not bid the magic dust
My bosom-wound fast-bleeding staunch,
Nor from the charm'd sword steal its rust,
But I have pluck'd the palmtree branch

3.

I could not reach the scaly blood
For ages buried from the sun ;
But I have brought thee cedar-wood,
And leaves from lofty Lebanon.

4.

And lo ! thy knight awaits thee here—

Then come, my love ! then come away
To thy devoted *Palmer* dear,—

Come, deck thee for the bridal day !”

LI.

“ What tones are these that meet our ear ?

“ Fly EDWARD ! for thy life I fear !

“ Go—nor thy course a moment slack,

“ And speed my sire’s returning track !

“ Fly, fly” (she cried—but ill-suppress

The griefs, the terrors of her breast)

“ And guard thy wound ! And may this
bower

“ Veil in soft shade some happier hour !”

LII.

“ Yes ! I must go and haste away—

“ TREVANION’s fate forbids my stay !

"Yes ! I must go, where, death his aim,

"The priest unfurls his oriflame !

"O may the pitying powers above

"From every ill protect my love !"

He spoke—And "take (his parting eyes

Express'd)—"O take this tender pledge !"

The motto round its golden edge :

"*FEAR NOT: FROM GLOOM AGAIN WE RISE:*

"*LOVE LIGHTS THE WAY TO BALMIER SKIES,*

Once more he look'd, and lost in shade,

To heaven resign'd his darling maid.

LIII.

"O ! in this still recess so deep,

"That I should deem all sunk in sleep,

"What sights and sounds, as phantoms rise,

"Have struck my wildering sense ?"—She
cries.

"Is it a dream ? or, have I seen

"In truth unchang'd my EDWARD's mien ?

“ And whose that voice I seem’d to hear ?

“ O ! had illusion met my ear !

“ Hark ! other sounds—Ah ! what are these ?

“ How gently they caress the breeze.”

LIV.

SONG.

I.

“ In youth so full of fire, in age

From long experience sly or sage,

Mysteries and rites are but deceit !

The votarist, in his pilgrimage—

His penances are all a cheat !

Some furtive sweets his heart engage—

At Mecca’s or the Virgin’s shrine !

Some favourite object in disguise,

Tho’ he cross deserts or the brine,

Excites his prayers, and prompts his sighs !

2.

Tho', where the fresh fount crystalline,
As if to emulate the vine,
Sparkles amidst the cool kiosk,
The guests in sober guise recline ;
Yet they who duteous hail the mosque
Would say, it doth not equal wine !
And, as the boon companions laugh
Where pleasure rears her rosy bowers,
The grape's rich juice they freely quaff ;
Nor frowning Prophet mars their hours !

3.

Oft have I said—whilst caravan
Murmuring approach'd the cloyster'd khan--
While glanc'd thro' busy grave bazar
The furr'd pelisse, the yataghan—
While gleam'd the yellow slipper fair,
Or, crowning sacred mussulman,

Mohammed's muslin gaily green ;—
Some secret wish with sweet controul
Moves every mind, its springs unseen !
And e'en that Emir loves the bowl !

4.

Beneath that dome, (whose lightness seems
Suspended on the solar beams)
Assur'd, that many a minareh
Shall soon send forth effulgent streams,
The dervise e'en of Mevleveh
May mingle moans with Fakir's dreams,
And hail the Santon's mimic trance !
But fleet'd with the sun's last light
Are dreams and moans and maniac-dance;
And tipsy joys usurp the night !

5

Nor, where the Greek with saintly mien
Rustles behind the pictur'd screen

His fine silk garb, his velvet vest,
And bids its broidering gold, I ween,

The eye of ignorance arrest,
Have I sincere devotion seen !

From crowds (that, more than pearl or gem
Shedding soft rays or brilliant fires,

Would prize his garment's mystic hem)
He to his Psyche's arms retires.

6.

Then, or fit ardent youth, or age
From long experience sly or sage,

Mysteries and rites are all deceit !
The votarist plies his pilgrimage—

What is his penance but a cheat ?
Some fond pursuits his heart engage !—

At Mecca's or the Virgin's shrine
Some favourite object in disguise,
Tho' he cross deserts or the brine,
Awakes his prayers and prompts his sighs !"

LV.

As the last words were lost,
The glimpse as of a turban'd head
Not like an air-drawn vision fled,
But with a stately march
(Where wreath'd the foliage to enarch
Its glimmering flints) the pathway cross'd :
It was a turban lily-white
Receding slowly from the sight.

Conclusion to Canto second.

I.

Whilst, in the shackles of a barbarous age,

Such mad illusion sway'd the common

mind, - [rage ;

And error mingled with the enthusiast's

Say, did the priest affect to free mankind

From the gross bondage, and the chain
unbind ?

Ah ! no—he forg'd but link to answer link;

And, tho' the light of truth and nature
shin'd,

Still where deceit allur'd to danger's brink,

Bade them amidst the gulf irrevocably sink.

2.

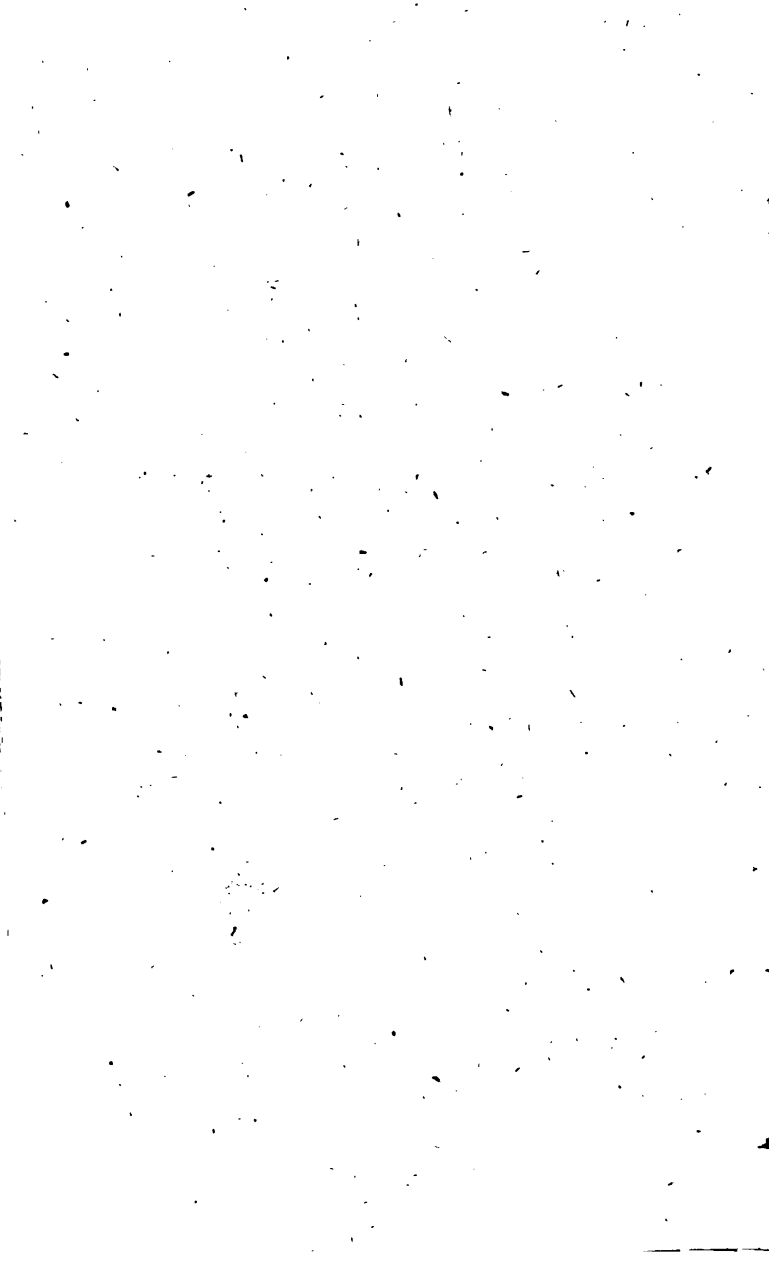
'Twas thus, whilst every monk a Merlin
rose, [wings,
Shadowing the noontide sun with wizard
And, striving but to deepen human woes,
Scorch'd the green woods, and dried the
water-springs ;
Fond love, that credulous to fiction clings,
Laid at the sainted shrine his charmed vest
Inwoven with the beads of paynim kings,
And savage war, with bloody trophies drest,
There offer'd his huge sword, his mail, his
magic crest.



**THE
FAIR ISABEL OF COTEHELE,**

A CORNISH ROMANCE.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THIRD.



The Fair Isabel of Cotehele.

A CORNISH ROMANCE.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THIRD.

I.

'Twas in the days, the realm when Richard
 sway'd,

That the *Religious Spirit*, whilom fed
By sorceries, in a wider scope display'd

Its fires, and kindling thro' the nations
 spread ! [princes led

'Twas then from Europe's shores high
Where infidels bore rule, their numerous
 host !

'Twas then the Saracen's disfeatur'd head

Romantic virtue ! was thy proudest boast ;
And scallop-shell or staff distinguish'd val-
our most.

II.

Knights of the sepulchre, 'twas theirs to
deem

Fading before the track of sacred light,
All other honours but an airy dream !

And, if a trophied Molesworth urg'd the
fight ;

Or, if a Fulford rescued lady bright
From paynim foe that strode gigantic round ;

He soar'd above the thrones of kings, a
fight

Of glory, with a wreath perennial crown'd
And swept his flaming course beyond all
mortal bound.

THE
FAIR ISABEL OF COTEHELE,
A CORNISH ROMANCE.

CANTO THIRD.



The fair Isabel of Cotehele.

A CORNISH ROMANCE

CANTO THIRD.

I.

THE infant year now dusky, cold,
In the dun East came glimmering on
Thro' the fracture of a rock-like cloud
Which, as immoveable, o'erbrow'd
A dawning waste of tears!
The melancholy knell had told
Its parent was for ever gone
Amidst departed years!

II.

But open'd scarce the orient scene
Of boles and brake, and mournful green,
Which from that cloud seem'd clad
In yet nocturnal shade ;
Ere JESSE down the coppice flew,
To meet, if he indeed were true,
Her *sailor* where, thro' forest-wood,
His cabin peep'd, by Tamar's flood.

III.

To lift the lid long long afraid
Her moss-rose had the melting maid
Drawn fragrant from its chest,
And plac'd it on her kindling breast !
Tho' paler, yet its tints were fine,
And O ! its essence was divine !
To lull a moment every pain
Delicious anodyne !

Ah ! doubt and fear came fast again,
Then hope and fancy's fondest train
That such a fair illusion wove,
As if the object of her love,
Already were possess'd !

IV.

And was her bosom flush'd with hope,
As, her eye searching all the slope,
She saw some form ascending near ?
And did that bosom throb with fear ?
How wild were her disorder'd charms,
Clasp'd in her WILLIAM's straining arms !
To those dear arms had JESSE rush'd
Ere, glancing where the moss-rose blush'd,
He pluck'd the crimson pledge of bliss,
And printed deep the burning kiss,
And press'd her panting heart to his !

V.

Not thus had ISABEL her love
Murmur'd to the laughing grove.
Strait to her chamber, yester-eve,
Had she retreated from the cave,
And, wildering in a maze of thought,
Fear'd every hour with danger fraught.
Nor could she from that maze escape,
Pursu'd by many a hideous shape ;
When JESSE, fast as words could speak,
Told eager, how a fair young *Greek*,
A *Palmer*, and a reverend *Friar*
Had thither come in strange attire ;
Said, she had seldom seen resort
To old Cotehele, from far or near,
A guest of such a noble port
As he who did the turban wear !
But little had poor ISABEL
Heeded what flippant tongue would tell.

VI.

And now (whilst JESSE met her swain)
All in her oratory lone,
'Twas ISABEL's to think in vain
O'er yester pleasure quickly flown—
Her love no sooner seen than gone,
And from the ills that mark'd her doom
To picture crosses yet to come !

VII.

Of parents yet a child bereft
Was EDWARD to his uncle left,
(Rough as the North, yet not unkind)
And to Sir RICHARD's care consign'd.
And many a year the orphan-boy,
And little ISABEL had stray'd
Amidst Cotehele or Edgcumbe's shade,
Their bliss without alloy.

VIII.

There had they rov'd, the summer hour,
From glen to grove, from brake to bower ;
But look'd not with incurious eyes
On nest or shrub or sylvan flower.
'Twas not enough that varied dyes
From nature's pencil fancy pleas'd :
Each moment, was to memory's store
Consign'd, what observation seiz'd.
And, if the short quaint note was heard,
Where wooed his mate the blithsome bird,
They trac'd the lover to his nest.
For her how oft had EDWARD press'd
Thro' blossoms and concealing leaves,
Where the gay finch its cradle weaves ;
Or rang'd, where to some brooklet's bank
From mouldering roots and rushes dank,
The water-ouzel steals away ;
Or pierc'd the deeper thicket gray
Where quiver'd the noon's sultry ray ;

And fond the dingle to explore,
From his slumberous bed the dormouse tore;
And, where between the branchy fork
Of elm or ash her mossy work
The sprightly squirrel lov'd to raise,
Bade ISABEL note her wanton ways—
Her feign'd escape from paramour,
As gleam'd amidst the twinkling sprays
The bright-red tincture of her fur,
And, still as she would seem to fly,
The glistening of her ebon eye,
And her white brush jerk'd merrily !

IX.

But soon to manlier sports address,
He scal'd, where the young foxes rest,
The o'erhanging cliffs, and oft pursu'd
The wild cat thro' the darkening wood ;
And led the hunter troop, where fear
In screaming throat, or fluttering plume

Proclaim'd the brindled catiff near,
That, ambush'd in the umbrageous gloom,
Might prowl ere night for living food,
And her gray whiskers bathe in blood,
And (reckless of the burnish'd blue,
The scarlet gloss) their feathers too !
Nor ever own'd his soul dismay ;
Tho' hunted long the desperate prey
From holme to beech, from ash to oak
Above his head in vengeance broke,
And down on men and dogs impell'd,
Flew up again, and foam'd and yell'd ;
Till now at bay, with yawning jaws
And bloodshot eyes and unsheath'd claws
She darted, with new venom fir'd,
And in the huntsman flesh'd, expir'd.

X.

Yet, tho' he hied, where scented gales
The horn and hound entice,

Up steeps, o'er heaths, down hollow dales,
Or clambering, brav'd the precipice
And rock that bridg'd the hoar abyss,
And courting danger deem'd it bliss ;
Yet had he murmur'd tender tales !
Yet had he trill'd the inglorious lay :
And early was the soft essay.

XI.

Yes ! " many a year " with ISABEL
'Twas his to traverse lawn and dell ;
Now touching an impassion'd wire,
Nor ought suspecting amorous fire ;
Beaming on her a brother's eyes—
And what were her's but sister-sighs ?

XII.

But nearer and still nearer drew
The hour, when they must bid adieu ;

The jealous uncle deals the blow,
And o'er rude seas must EDWARD go.
The hour was come. If more be meant
Oft in one look than words can speak !
If language the most eloquent
Oft to one little tear be weak ;
Their's was the meaning, and the force—
Fraternal love ! how pure thy source !—

XIII.

With little talent to foresee,
(For he had small sagacity)
TREVANION, bidding EDWARD share
In old Cotehele Sir RICHARD's care,
Heard, one sad moment, with dismay
The girl her ave-mary's say. •
Rush'd on his mind, at once, the view
Of danger in the deadliest hue.
“ The saints ! the virgin ! how I dread
• Slow poison dropp'd with every bead !

“ And EDWARD will but swell the list
“ Of victims to the cunning priest !”

XIV.

In sooth, TREVANION, bluff and brave,
Spurn'd mystic meanings, spurn'd a knave !
There was a savage dignity
E'en in his mild complacent eye.
But, if he felt disdain or ire,
His shaggy eyebrows grew more dark ;
Curl'd was his lip ; or the kindling spark
Was in his eye the levin fire !
Unpolisht in his speech, his gait,
His every nod denouncing fate,
How gaunt was the old knight, and grim,
If passion shook each sinewy limb !
But, ever and anon, he laugh'd
At all the wiles of priestly craft,
The vigils of the votarist's night,
The pomp of each papistic rite ;

And, scorning the whole venal trade,
Likened sly nuns and specious monks
To pandars and imposing punks,
And, at the bigot's rage inveigh'd
That had so foul a havock made;
And curs'd, in fine, (to whom or where
No matter—'twas to him no care)
Striding with a ferocious mien,
The bloody bonfires, and their queen!

XV.

So hard their fates. And, ere eighteen,
Had EDWARD warr'd in Erin green.
And would that ISABEL
Had been allow'd her griefs to tell
To brooks and dim shades, all alone!
Ah! scarce was EDWARD gone
Ere suitors from the East and West,
By her cold looks how ill repress,
But chief ERIZEY's saintly son

Presum'd in proud Mount Edgcumbe's grove
Abrupt to breathe the tale of love †

XVI.

Sprung from a race who, vers'd of yore
In knightly lists and paynim lore,
Mix'd with the enthusiast's glowing creed
The spirit of many a martial deed,
And had for ages won the acclaim
Of valour to ERIZEY's name,
Tho' late, midst priests and hooded friars
Had languish'd their adventurous fires,
He was a child of chivalry,
But more a monkish devotee !
And, whilst to love he offer'd sighs
That might some tender bosom melt,
And wildly brooded o'er the emprise
To dazzle or delight the fair ;
Still would ERIZEY rather wear
The girdle than the knightly belt,

As superstition bade incline
His soul to every mystic tale,
Enveloping with holy veil
Loretto's or e'en Mecca's shrine.

XVII.

Proud of his sires, and fond to paint
Their puissance (tho a puling saint
Above a soldier's worth he priz'd,
And thirsted to be canoniz'd)
He would relate how great Sir Hugh
The mighty Saladin o'erthrew,
When lion Richard's golden shield
Beam'd to the cross on Salem's field;
And how, when they repass'd the brine,
Red from the plains of Palestine,
To haughty Tancred Richard gave,
Where Sicily o'erbrows the wave,
(A hasty gift for aye deplor'd)
High Arthur's necromantic sword!

And there, embalm'd and buried deep,
How it repos'd in charmed sleep !
And one of old ERIZEY's race
(Such was tradition's voice, he said)
Would win back that enchanted blade,
And Arthur's castled rocks embrace,
And sway the sceptre Arthur sway'd !
Yet had his great grandsire in vain
With princely Edward plough'd the main.
And some, that treasure to regain,
To Merlin idly look'd for aid ;
Or, pilgrims, to the Virgin pray'd !
Still was ERIZEY doom'd to mourn
In fond regret o'er Kaliburn !

XVIII.

Thus as he talk'd, in girlish play
Fair ISABEL would archly say :
" Give me from Arthur's sword, a dust,
" Or but a little spicy rust ;

“ Or give me but a bloody scale—

“ And may the lover's vows avail !”

He saw, perhaps, the fair-one jeer'd—

And sigh'd, or frown'd, and disappear'd.

Not that he thought she scorn'd the theme ;

(What will not lovesick fancy dream ?)

Still hoping by some enterprize

To steal, ere long, her softer sighs !

XIX.

But quickly with his form, his face,

From memory well nigh fled the trace

Of vows, fictitious or sincere,

Which never met her patient ear.

And to her EDWARD at the cave,

While glided fast “ the haunted eve,”

She had not of ERIZEY told—

To her, his warmest suit was cold.

'Twas then, amidst their favourite bower,

Was pass'd by stealth the unvalued hour !

If to her mind ERIZEY came,
Perhaps to speak that suitor's name
Were but to wake a jealous flame !

XX.

A few short moments, yesterday,
TREVANION hail'd, to haste away—
Moments of fearful joy were they,
How troubled by ERIZEY's lay !
And it was just six moons before,
Had 'pass'd by stealth the unvalued hour !'

XXI.

And now, where she had often clung
To her dear mother's side, and hung
On lips of pure devotion there ;
And (as to the rais'd hands in prayer
That parent her attention drew)
Her little hands had lifted too ;
There, to the Virgin bending low,
She bade a soul of sorrow flow.

XXII.

Hymn to the Virgin.

1.

“ Ah, pity her whose guileless heart
From truth was never taught to rove;
Who whisper’d here, devoid of art,
Her earliest vows of infant love.

2.

If e’er I heard the unlicens’d sigh,
The wish that answer’d ill to mine;
Nor trivial smile, nor soften’d eye
Did favour to the suit incline.

3.

I blush’d not, to the groves alone
When first I told my secret flame;
I blush not, at this hour to own
What leaves no spot on virgin fame.

4.

Then O ! by that expression mild,
Thy looks of grace so sweetly giv'n
To her who fondly nurs'd her child,
To her, a saint with thee, in heaven ;

5.

O save me from a fearful doom,
If pure my soul thy shrine adore ;
But rescue from the gathering gloom—
One kind, one gentle spirit more."

XXIII.

Died, as seraphic airs expire,
The melodies of fond desire—
Ah ! not so sweet the streamlet sighs ;
So sweet, the vernal zephyr dies.

XXIV.

But scarce was the last echo gone,
Fainting as in prophetic tone,

Ere at her door, what seem'd a *Friar*
Clad in Mount Carmel's coarse attire,
With downcast look and half a grin,
Was by father NICHOLAS usher'd in.
Tho' his demeanor mark'd the tribe—
The assassins from Phenicia's height,
Nor heart had he, resisting bribe,—
He was self-call'd a Carmelite.
In truth, he was of British race;
But flying from his native place,
Had long conceal'd dishonour foul
Beneath a sanctimonious cowl.
Alas! nor cowl, nor foreign clime
Can hide from Heaven, or cancel crime.
And follow'd one in *Palmer's* vest
Who his long staff a moment ey'd,
Then, stooping, lower'd his pilgrim-pride,
And the damsel thus address'd;

XXV.

"Thee, only, matchless maiden ! thee

"Would I salute on bended knee !

"She, at whose shrine I daily kneel,

"Bade me go worship in Cotehele

"The nymph of my idolatry !

"'Twas by her secret whisper sent

"I sail'd to where his holy tent

"King Richard pitch'd—with his red-
cross men—

"Foredoom'd to slay the Saracen.

"For thee o'er angry seas I pass'd ;

"For thee I brav'd the parched waste

"Where no rill flows, nor breezes bless

"The interminable wilderness ;

"But the faint camel gasps for breath

"And looks with piteous eyes

"To sands that in red columns rise

"Darkening in storm the noon day skies ;

"'Midst brittle shrubs no shade that cast,

“ And bleaching bones where serpents
glare,
“ And whistling thro’ the lurid air
“ With sudden fiery haze Simoom
“ From its pestilential plume
“ Shakes destiny and death !”

XXVI.

ERIZEY stopp’d in sudden pause
As in expectance of applause;
But, as he uplifted his palm tree branch,
The blood in his cheek did terror blanch !

XXVII.

Then “hear me !” cried the *Carmelite*—
“ The vows thou didst to ERIZEY plight,
“ This day renew,
“ And vow them true,
“ Ere the sacring bell
“ The mass shall tell !

" And, when the first nuptial sun shall arise,

" Thy parent shall your hands unite :

" Lo ! he approves the spousal rite

" And bids me knit the ties !"

He said ; and, to freeze up her soul,

Shook, with a sneer, a crackling scroll ;

And departing flung from sprigs of rue

On the threshold, drops of holy dew.

XXVIII.

From horrors differ than the grave,

(Again she sung,) thy suppliant save !

" O save me from a fearful doom,

" If pure my soul thy shrine adore ;

" But rescue from the gathering gloom

" One kind, one gentle spirit more."

XXIX.

In sooth, assistance well were ask'd,

Where villainy, devotion-mask'd

Beset a solitary maid—

Well were implor'd celestial aid.

For, whilst that groveling figure short

A reptile meanness seem'd to mark ,

And stratagem made horrid sport

In ambush beneath eyebrows dark ;

And zeal but ill affected grace,

As often the sarcastic grin

Discover'd thro' its wrinkled skin

The experience of an olive face ;

And mingled (poor resource of guile)

With spleen the prompt obsequious smile;

And the swart fire of eyes deep sunk

Lighten'd or gleam'd from Carmel's *Monk*;

In friendlike league that spirit so fell

To father NICHOLAS could tell,

Without the help of wordy wings,

Things full of fear—unearthly things !

XXX.

And see, where ERIZEY, the *Palmer-saint*,
Droops from wounds and watchings faint,
From toil and guilt and terror weak,
Now flusht with flame his hectic cheek,
Now ashy-pale as shrouded corse ;—
Whilst, to banish sick remorse,
The *Prioress*, tottering at his side,
Struggles to sooth, but fain would chide !
Behold her at the chapel stand,
Where dimples in its basin pure
The consecrated fount ! Demure,
And frisking her shrunk scorched hand
(Divine ablution !) to the nymph
Flings o'er her charge the cleansing lymph !

XXXI.

“ My son ! the valourous knight resume ! ”
(Her voice was as her visage sharp !)

- “ Let nought on earth thy courage warp
“ From its firm bent—Throw off thy gloom !
“ Oft with success its influence crown’d,
“ I have a balsam for thy wound.
“ To me, where erst Plym’s limpid wave
“ My ruin’d nunnery lov’d to lave,
(“ Now foaming ’midst polluted scenes)
“ One of dire Hal’s devoted queens
“ A plant of wond’rous virtue gave,
“ Of power to heal—said Anne of Cleves—
“ The frame that faints, the heart that
 grieves.
“ ’Twas there, where sovereign sway I
 bore,
“ I bade its potent oils restore
“ One, who had felt the broadsword’s bite !
“ From his right-breast as from a sluice
“ Gush’d out our champion’s blood !
“ But that rare herb’s salubrious juice
“ Soon stopp’d the crimson flood

- " Our champion did I say ?
" My kindness how did he requite !
" 'Tis true, he sank amidst a fray
" Opposing the Inquisitors fell
" Who search'd our nunnery, cell by cell—
" Who, with unmanly disrespect
" No female modesty could brook,
" In all our chambers prowld about,
" As if assur'd they could detect
" And by their hunting ferret out
" Some secret sin from every nook !
" The wounded man, tho' long and much
" Of saintly things he sung or said,
" Yet ill became the grave Capuch !
" For O ! recover'd from his wound,
" He stole from me a damsel fair
" Who had watch'd him with a sister's
 care—
" His " ministering maid !"
" One night they disappear'd :

“ Nor from that moment hath been found
“ The girl to all our hearts endear’d!
“ Ah, nurtur’d from a babe by me,
“ Sweeter than all the sister-hood,
“ By his base art was she subdued,
“ And (ere sixteen ’twas hers to see).
“ Plung’d in the meretricious grove—
“ But thou art sanction’d in thy love!”

XXXII.

She said. And tho’ her quivering lip
From Circe’s cup had ceas’d to sip;
Yet luscious fancies linger’d still,
Where she had never quaff’d her fill.
And, tho’ her hoar locks might you mark
Like mildew, or the grizzled moss
On some old sallow’s canker’d bark;
Yet did she seem with quaint address
Fond to display her favourite tress
Still sleek in all its summer gloss!

And, tho' her eye no more did swim
In langours soft to pleasure's glance,
And palsy every sapless limb
(Sure harbinger of death) did shake ;
Yet would she melt in sensual trance,
And, (weaving the libidinous tale
That show'd at heart the rake)
Against voluptuous beauty rail.]

XXXIII.

Meantime, across the level green
With downcast eye and pensive mien
Pacing, the stranger-*Greek* was seen.
And now he stopp'd, and now beneath
The oratory-window stood,
And (sculptur'd well where each stone-
wreath
'The slender shafts in roses crown'd)
Was waken'd from his musing mood,
As his black eyes from off the ground

He rais'd, look'd up, and caught by chance
Fair ISABEL's enquiring glance !

And, all unveil'd the observing Fair,

Her eyelids silky-shading fringe,

Her deepening blush, her modest air

So lovely in the sombre light

As she retreated from his sight,

Did, from a quick emotion, tinge

His cheek, and all his frame unhinge !

Chaste beauty, in so bright a blaze,

Had seldom met his ardent gaze :

No ; not such charms, tho' luring most,

Could his Elysian Chio boast.

XXXIV.

'Twas there, amidst the hostile jars

Of Moslem scymitars,

ERIZEY had heard the wild war-shriek,

And snatch'd from death the Chian *Greek*.

And, grateful for a life so won,
Had the *Greek*, to Lebanon
ERIZEY led, a trusty guide ;
And, close to his preserver's side,
To visit Albion's cliffs now came
With seeming philosophic aim.

XXXV.

Where glided o'er smooth seas the sail,
Had the *Greek* heard his comrade's tale ;
As, whining to the impostor-priest,
ERIZEY said : ' Much, much, I fear,
' I am in vain a votarist.
' If she regard my pilgrimage,
' 'Tis the wild feature of the deed,
' That would alone her soul engage,
' And bid her grant a *Palmer's* meed !
' For ah, unlovely in her sight
' Is every penance, every rite.
' But, if she listen to my prayer,
' Thro any force or art of thine,

- ‘ With treasures my religious care
‘ Shall hasten to enrich thy shrine !’
Such had he heard. And hence, that lay,
(Soon as the *Palmer’s* song had ceas’d
And the *Palmer* had trac’d a devious way)
That strain which, at the cave, increas’d
Her wonder and dismay.
Oft too, o’er ocean as their bark
Was whirl’d, he caught the grave remark
Follow’d by sighs of fond desire:
‘ If to her share some weakness fall,—
‘ If blemish slight, or fault at all,
‘ It is that as on wings of fire,
‘ Or in soft passion’s mood,
‘ She soars or sinks away, subdued
‘ And ravisht by the lyre !
‘ By sounds that trance the spirit alone—
‘ The dear enthusiast can be won !’

XXXVI.

Such 'young CALLIMACHI had heard :
And love romantic thrill'd the bard.
Faint is the glow of gratitude !
It languishes, alas ! too soon
E'en in the generous and the good.
But, if no moral sense attune
A soul disturb'd by fond desire,
Its sickly embers strait expire.
And hark ! beneath her window rise
From Grecian chords strange melodies.

XXXVIII.

SONG.

I.

" I have heard, at evening fall,
Quaintly tun'd the gay miskal :
But, tho' joyance claim'd the meed,
Breath'd thro every mellow reed,

Was there airy sound divine,
Was there music light as thine ?

2.

Where o'er flowers that paint the graves,
Dark the funeral cypress waves,
I have heard the soft santoor,
Sweet and pensive measures pour.
Pleasant as the dying breeze—
Were they measures sweet as these ?

3.

'To the zambooria's notes
Oft where frisk'd the fair Chiotes,
Young May o'er the purple grove
Sprinkling odorous life and love :—
Was the myrrh-distilling May
Mild as thy December-day ?

4.

I have struck my golden lyre,
To elicit love's own fire,

Rich as every dulcet string
Did melodious passion ring—
But that lute's delicious lay
Bids me fling my lyre away !”

XXXVIII.

From the chapel now rang the last quick
chime,

And peal'd the organ in loud swell,
Like a burst of thunder over-head,
Or, by the whirlwind's sweep
Arous'd in all its grandeur dread,
The long roar of the rolling deep.
Lo, thro' the portal-arch sublime
The procession moving slow,
By MAWD and JACQUELINE led,
Mute spectacle of woe
Went lovely ISABEL
Up the dim vaulted isle. Between
The altar and the burnish'd screen

Where, sculptur'd in compartments blue,
Apostles hoar and saints were seen,
Were plac'd the couple full in view !
And now, from holy censers breath'd
And slowly curl'd around
And in dun columns wreath'd,
Aspir'd the incense-cloud
To the chancel-roof ; and erst so loud
The organ's last faint sound,
(As some lorn spirit that bids adieu
To its cold yet struggling clay)
Lingering, shivering, died away.

XXXIX.

But, whilst curiously design'd
Branches of palm with roses twin'd
And cedar-leaves, in many a braid
On the crimson altar were display'd,
The golden chalices to shade ;—
The pictur'd window cast
A light portentous from the East ;

And wav'd the banners from on high ;
And the mail-plates shook without a blast
Suspended from their massy bar ;
And trembled, with no breath of air,
All the ancient panoply !

XL.

“ By that ever sacred rose
“ Whose parent-stem in Sharon grows ;
“ By the cedar pluck'd for thee ;
“ By those branches from the tree
“ That loves the waves of Galilee ;
“ I adjure thee—by that wreath—
“ Here ratify thy plighted faith !”
Echoed a voice of fear.—“ I vow'd
“ No vow !” She cried, and meekly bow'd.
“ If thou relent not, thou shalt rue
“ Thine angry sire—the Virgin too !
“ Daughter, beware ! The hour is come !
“ We give thee to the immuring gloom !”

Conclusion to Canto third.

1.

'Tho' such enthusiastic fire was wild ;

Yet, as it mark'd no bounds in parting
seas, [smil'd

Thro' stranger realms the dawn of kindness

Where cold distrust did every heartspring
freeze ;

Where erst as the pale venom of disease,
Each sect with sect, diffusing rancour, strove!

And, (tho' tame slaves still grasp'd the
tyrant's knees,

And Palmer-chiefs their webs of mystery
wove) [cial love!

From Ascalon first gleam'd the lamp of so-

2.

With mutual light, amidst the soul's expanse
(Tho' battle stain'd) as far the nations
shine,

From rich Italia's bowers, and frolic France
And Albion's stubborn cliffs, alert to join
The tented force where whitens Palestine;
See various arts—unfolding not in vain—

To smooth the asperities of life combine ;
And tall spires glittering glance from plain ;
to plain, [fane !

And, shaping its fine arch, the Saraccenic

3.

And, to the statelier intellectual march

If Romanist his Ave-maries paid ;

His eye sagacious thro' that pointed arch

Saw untold treasures hallow each cru-
sade ! [ter'd shade,

And the Monk, picturing, from his cloys-

The trophies fair of chivalrous emprise,

Bade brighter verdure cloathe his emerald glade ;

And (new sweets wafted from exotic skies)

To crown his dainty board, a rare exuberance rise.

THE
FAIR ISABEL OF COTEHELE,

A CORNISH ROMANCE.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FOURTH.



The Fair Isabel of Cotehele.

A CORNISH ROMANCE.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FOURTH.

I.

Linking the nations, tho' religious zeal

Thus from dull slumbers wak'd ingenu-

ous art ; [steel

And, midst the sparkling of the warlike

Bade new civilities around her start,

Spread the fleet sail, and croud the mot-

ley mart ; [drencht

Yet was her aim to vaunt her banners

In savage slaughter ; as to shock the heart,

She rous'd all Europe's rage with blood

unquencht,

And fierce from Salem's towers the dripping crescent wrench'd !

II.

And, when the distant wildfire blaz'd no
more, [burn'd,
Still with the thirst of carnage still she
And, as yet fresh with Asia's torrent gore,
In smother'd ire upon herself return'd ;
Whilst he who grasp'd the cross, a brother
spurn'd,
And, flinging horrors on the common faith,
Where pity's tear the meek disciple
mourn'd,
Call'd up the torturing fiend in fiery wrath,
Deepen'd the prison-shades, and forg'd the
wheel of death !

THE
FAIR ISABEL OF COTEHELE,
A CORNISH ROMANCE.

CANTO FOURTH.



The fair Isabel of Cotehele.

A CORNISH ROMANCE.

CANTO FOURTH.

I.

THE swelling notes of organ grand,
Sancebell and sanctuary were still :
They had subserv'd the priestly will !
Ah ! pageants but by treachery plann'd !
Such mockery as brings vengeance down
Oft on many a monkish crown !

II.

And lo ! that solemn service o'er,
Smiles she had witness'd ne'er before,
From MAWD a cringing-like caress,
And bows from priests and priress,
Were her "immuring gloom :"
And he, too, (anxious to resume
A young knight's more enticing dress)
The pilgrim—as in scorn away
Flung his palm-staff and amice gray.
Yet ISABEL, without surprize,
Saw, 'twas a specious poor disguise,
An artful mummery, to impose
On her domestic train—on those
Who own'd for her kind sympathies.

III.

And now, (tho' to dark guilt and guile
She often forc'd a wintry smile,

Thro' a big tear of pale regret)
It seem'd as if they all were met
In friendly concert round the hearth
Of social minstrelsy and mirth !

IV.

In strains attention's ear to hold,
All of his voyage ERIZEY told—
Told, how an unexpected gale
Drove from its course the struggling sail ;
Where, scatter'd round, each Grecian isle
Resum'd, ere long, a faery smile.
And “ Right (he said) how light the breeze
“ In whispers kiss'd the deep-blue seas !
“ And many a little fair caique
“ Glided on the smooth expanse,
“ Or waver'd in some shadowy creek ;
“ And all seem'd visions of romance !
“ From every shore, as shrubby blooms
“ Amidst the exuberant leaves

- “ Darken’d and flush’d in lights and glooms,
“ Was incense wafted o’er the waves !
“ And, as I enter’d Chio’s bay,
“ Delicious was the closing day.
“ Brilliant and vivid were the dyes
“ Across the lovely Western skies—
“ Above, a streak of crimson glow,
“ And a long yellow line, below !
“ And, the rich red and gold between,
“ The tints so deepen’d into green,
“ That one wide stripe of verdure soft
“ Seem’d lifted like a lawn aloft !
“ But landing, I full soon perceiv’d
“ The fury passions were at work ;
“ And heard, as glimps’d the avenging
 Greek
“ And fled the janissary Turk,
“ The death-shot, and the dying shriek,
“ E’en where ambrosial fruitage heav’d !

“ All—all was still. The woodpath way
“ As up with dubious steps I wound,
“ Sudden there came a rushing sound
“ As of some bird that snuff’d her prey,
“ And far off a low groan
“ That pictur’d agony !
“ Again, I caught the sufferer’s moan
“ That yet at distance seem’d to die !
“ And, breaking thro’ the twisted bowers
“ O’er virid plants and matted flowers,
“ Where the mulberry’s silky flow
“ And arbutus below,
“ And almond’s silver blossoms bright
“ Wanton’d in the soft clear light ,
“ Long did I thro’ the thicket creep,
“ And panting climb from steep to steep,
“ Ere, beneath a mastic’s shade,
“ In princely armour all array’d,
“ I saw (in death I deem’d) a Greek !”

“ And black upon his weltering side
“ Wings flapp’d, and did with carnage reek !
“ And in a wound that open’d wide
“ Plung’d often was a vulture-beak !
“ Nor ceas’d the bird, tho’ I drew near,
“ Unsated, and as void of fear ;
“ Till, scarce by brandish’d sabre scar’d,
“ ’Mid the close shrubs she disappear’d.”

V.

“ Yes ! (cried the *Greek*) Mohammed’s
bird
“ ’Twas thine, brave chief ! to fright away ;
“ Or, helpless, I had died its prey !
“ Fainting I fell ; and scarcely stirr’d
“ The pulses of my heart ;
“ And fluttering life just wak’d to part !—
“ Alas ! my sire, of Chio lord,
“ With treasures too attractive stor’d,

- “ The imperious Turk had rudely seiz’d :
“ And his fir’d mansion blaz’d.
“ Him had I rescu’d from their hands ;
“ And in their rout the ruffian bands
“ Were slain, or fled down hill or dell ;
“ When by a random shot I fell.
“ Nor long, as from a towering height,
“ In a hiss, and now in a whistling flight,
“ I heard the sound of wings draw nigh ;
“ And looking up with dizzy eye,
“ Scarce saw the monster-bird, ere mist
“ Obscur’d my swimming sight ;
“ And blotted was the solar light.
“ When scatter’d sense returning gleam’d,
“ From my torn wound the life-blood
 stream’d ;
“ And a thrilling scream the vulture scream’d,
“ As with desperate effort I seiz’d in vain
“ Her feathery talons, to resist
“ Too feeble, and sank back again !”

VI.

- " If, ere thy people offer'd aid,
 " My prompter arm such help essay'd,
 " To thee I owe (ERIZEY cried)
 " The care that every want supplied;
 " That led, where rich Engedi glows;
 " That taught me to embalm the rose.
 " Yes! when so many a beautiful maid
 " Fix'd on thy face her dark eyes wild,
 " And things of tender meaning said,
 " For sorrow sigh'd, for pleasure smil'd—
 " That girl so graceful, as she threw
 " O'er the silk robe, her caftan blue,
 " And bade thee such a dear adieu—
 " And that sweet nymph, whose long eye-
 lash
 " Veil'd in soft shade luxurious fire,
 " Whilst blushing the crimson sash
 " Confin'd her bosom's fond desire—

“ Were they not trying tests, to prove
“ Thy friendship paramount to love ?”

VII.

Yet did their odd demeanour speak
No cordial friendship unconstrain'd.
Oft, dropping a dark hint, the *Greek*
Still more would utter, but refrain'd:
And oft the *Palmer's* frown confess'd
A rival fire, and rage suppress.
But, when her sweet looks, as they stray'd,
Met his—the Chian chief, by chance;
Detecting in each feature guilt,
ERIZEY grasp'd his sabre's hilt;
And there were lightnings in his glance !
'Then, conscious of a jealous flame
So meanly waken'd and betray'd,
He bow'd his head, and blush'd for shame ;
And, calling with a quick forc'd smile
For some soft air of Chio's isle,

Thus challeng'd, in relief
Of ire that had such tumult made,
With his own strains the Chian chief :

VIII.

SONG.

1.

" On heathery plains, in purple vales,
I have view'd many a female form ;
Where sounds his icy wings the storm ;
Or citrons scent the gales.

2.

Tresses, in full luxuriance bright,
Fresh blooms, blue eyes our Highlands
boast, [coast,
Tho' bleak winds sweep the scowling
And snow girds every height.

3.

Ripen'd beneath Iberia's sun,
Say, hath the delicate soft glow,
The lily pale, the glossy sloc,
The prize of beauty won?

4.

The turban'd tribe where love impels,
See from her veñ Nourouhi break !
Pomegranates blossom in her cheek ;
Her eyes, the dark gazelle's !

5.

Where Lesbos slopes her gardens, green
With fruitful olive, did I greet
The ceintur'd waist, the sandal'd feet
That rival beauty's queen!

6.

But who dares vie with Chio's Fair? [sume
Nor Greece nor Albion's nymphs pre-
To match their smiles, their brilliant
bloom,
Their hyacinthine hair!

7.

There, as calm eve spreads pensively
Her violet hues, sure, some sweet maid
That danc'd amidst thine orange shade,
Now wandering, pines for thee!"

IX.

The Chian Prince bade instant fire
Awaken all his trembling lyre.

SONG.

I.

“ Tho’ sigh for me the fairest Greek,
And Venus tint her glowing cheek ;
Tho’, as she chaunts CALLIMACHI,
The blush may rise, still new for me ;
I have no answering sighs to give—
On simple bloom I cannot live !

2.

Tho’, in the splendid proud Serai
The female blaze outshine the day,
And beauty shadowy locks unfold
Sable as musk, or bright as gold ;
I cannot live, from dawn to dusk,
On locks of gold, or curls of musk !

3.

Tho’ pamper’d lords affect to prize
The languishment of large black eyes,

And, in a strain of rapture, say,
That soft as sleep they melt away ;
The large black eyes of the gazelle
To me, at least, are just as well.

4.

Tho' sated pleasure still may sip
The dew-drops tincturing Zoe's lip,
Some richer, sweeter balm I ask
Than kisses rich as Chio's flask :
Fine be the flavour, yet I own,
I cannot live on lips alone.

5.

Tho' gentle loves, as all avouch,
Fan with bright wings the fragrant couch
In drowsy dalliance where reposes
High pomp on bosom " full of roses"—
Roses themselves the sense may greet
From every bower—perchance as sweet.

6.

O give me, worthy well the whole,
O but a single glance of soul—
One tear, to soothe my spirit, lent—
Give me one sigh from sentiment !
Then blest art thou—how blest—in her
Who, as those charms the East outvie,
For thee hath treasur'd many a tear,
And many a glance, and many a sigh !”

X.

For spirits deprav'd nor lyre nor lute
Hath any fountain of delight.—
Yet song averts the venom'd bite
Where India rues her serpent fang,
Darting oft the deadly pang.
Charm'd by the flageolet or flute,
The spotted cobra's rage is fled !
She gently lifts her hooded head,

To every note her ear inclines,
And moves in undulating lines,
Nor from the time a moment swerves,
But bends, still bends her graceful curves !
Each simple tone prolongs her trance ;
And all innocuous is the dance !

XI.

Ah ! to those lays the *Prioress*
' Like the deaf adder ' stopp'd her ears !
Nor could the music of the spheres
In her the tide of crime repress,
And her confederate *Capuchin* !
If, for a moment's space, from sin
Their brooding minds did concord win,
Those symphonies were as the blast
That furrows up the watery waste !
But songs or hurricanes alike
Had melody their ears to suit,
As, in each other all absorb'd,
They looks reciprocally cast

By mutual machinations barb'd.
And, as the same ideas strike
Minds of a kindred turn at once,
And answer, instant in response,
They oft exchang'd a demon smile :
'Twas confidential guile with guile.
On his right breast that livid seam
He had just laid open to her eye,
With all the assassin's secresy ;—
And shriek'd she not in agony ?
O could she think without a tear
On that frail damsel erst so dear ?
Yes ! all her love was laid asleep :
And she could hug pollution deep,
As, prompt to aid her every scheme,
She hail'd the son of stratagem ;
And, now in whispers all apart,
Caress'd the *Capuchin*, whose art
Had every sacred trust betray'd,

And had borne off "his minist'ring maid,"
Perfidious, from the vestal shade.

XII.

So, 'midst the song, the lute or lyre,
Were restless spirits afloat ! [dire.
Dark were their thoughts, their pönderings
But, ere was heard the *Greek's* last note,
(Sweet, tho' ironic was the tone)
All unperceiv'd was ISABEL gone !
So vanish, ere the blush of day,
The circles of moon-loving fay.

XIII.

To her at distance from the hall,
The hour seem'd husht into repose ;
Save that abrupt a murmur rose :
And then the silence was so deep,
She fancied all fast lock'd in sleep—
She heard the wildwood waterfall !

. XIV.

The castle—it was deadly still—
When steps along the gallery-floor
Stealing as they approach'd her door,
She heard with an icy chill!
And strait a strong convulsive thrust
Drove at the door a massy bar:
It did its work with a dismal jar;
For time had canker'd it with rust:
And it for years had ceas'd to slide,
By force tyrannic long unplied.
Poor prisoner! was thy arras-room—
Say was it that “inmuring gloom?”

XV.

'Twas now the moment of midnight;
When 'midst a stupour that had drown'd
Her sense, she started from the sound
As of surmises mutter'd low,
And then a short weak scream of woe,

And then as from a felon tread,
And trepidation as in flight,
And a howl that might have wak'd the dead!

KVI.

All into stillness laps'd again !—
But long ere the freezy dawn did stain
Her “ southern tower ” with pallid red,
JACQUELINE and MAWD were at her bed ;
And, crossing each her angry breast,
(As the viper erects its tumid crest)
Hurried her off, and dared her speak,
And gagg'd her mouth to smother a shriek,
And whirl'd her thro' the cloystral gloom,
And thence, to a small-arched room ;
Whence up black spiral stairs of stone,
They a chamber hail'd, where never groan
Escap'd to touch compassion's ear,
Or draw from human eye the tear.

XVII.

"Dire heretic!" (in shadowy stole

A tall form rose,—her inmost soul

His accents pierc'd, portending ill—

His voice of terror cold and shrill—)

"Dire heretic! thy schemes forego;

"Or meet yet unimagin'd woe!

"Swear on this everlasting book—

(In his right hand the volume shook—

In his right hand it shook unclasp'd—

The sacred volume guilt had grasp'd)

"Swear, on this book, thou ne'er again

"Wilt court TREVANION's love, on pain

"Of punishment beyond the grave—

"And, thy corrupted soul to save,

"Thou wilt, thyself, beseech thy sire

"To send thee, where in cells aspire

"Beyond the reach of earthly cares,

"The sainted nun's secluded prayers."

XVIII.

"No oath (said ISABEL) will I swear :

"What Heaven decrees, be mine to bear."

"Then bear it!"—cried the same shrill
voice—

"Then bear it! Thou hast had thy choice:

"Thou hast, thyself, pronounc'd thy doom.

"Go—to the sepulchral gloom [bones:

"Where thou shalt greet thy mother's .

"Tho' there no groans shall answer groans ;

"Unless, at each portentous pause,

"Thou catch a sound from sunken jaws ;

"Where thou shalt see no gleam of light,

"Unless in the sockets of death there be
sight ;

"But famisht—hourly worn away,

"A skeleton (as the dead decay)

"Thou shalt hail, day after day,

"A coffin for thy resting-place,

"A putrid corse for thine embrace ;

“ And thy livid lips shall strive
“ Voiceless, with a vain essay,
“ To curse, or to the Virgin pray ;
“ Whilst, if thy sire thy death deplore,
“ Thou shalt be heard of, never more,—
“ While, to the search a clue to give,
“ No trace of thee on earth shall live !”

XIX.

Down the spiral steps they go,
Silent with ghostly tread, and slow,
To the small-arched room below ;
Whence to the chapel oped a door :
And, passing now the palsyng aisle,
They reach'd the North-recess,—
Where paus'd, then said the *Prioress*,
Trembling, yet with a ghastly smile,
(So ghastly, it might curdle up
In the stoutest heart each ruddy drop)
“ ISABEL ! thou art no more !”

XX.

Horror was in that halt—

The priest unclos'd the vault:

The charnel yawn'd,—All overhead

Its doorway's tracery was dark-red,

By the sanguine lamplight dyed ;

And, you would deem, there broke

From its griesly depth the dunnest smoke.

“ Fiends of malice and of craft !

“ Creatures of Erebus avaunt !”

Shot from behind a pillar's shaft,

CAELIMACHI that instant cried.

His damask'd blade he brandish'd wide—

“ O let us fly this dolorous haunt—

“ Bid me rescue thee from death !”

To almost senseless ISABEL

He said ; and bending down to kneel,

And stooping low the splendid steel,

“ This arm”—he exclaim'd—“ shall guard
thee well !”

But, in the twinkling of an eye,
A stroke was given !
And " O ! " with interrupted breath,
He utter'd—" monsters ! villainy !
" Protect her gracious heaven !
" O by the cross !"—ere death's eclipse,
Died his Redeemer on his lips !

XXI.

And suddenly his soul did part—
The *Monk* had stabb'd him to the heart.
And : " Let us hurry her within :
" Last night, I saw her glance of guilt—
" Her blush, the burnish but of sin !
" And well that pagan blood was spilt.
" Lo ! he had scymitars for palms,
" And Pontic drugs for Salem's balms ;
" And, skill'd in potions pale and spells,
" In every clime, his Isabels !
" His balms were to ERIZEY sweet !—
" But time speeds on ! Its wings are fleet !"

XXII.

Still did the charnel yawn. No sigh
Escap'd her—no tear dimm'd her eye.
She look'd with a gaze a moment wild ;
Hurried within, she only smil'd.

XXIII.

Closing, as in a whirlwind, clapp'd
The massive door. Amazement wrapp'd
The fane. Loud echoes spread the alarm ;
And it seem'd as a gigantic arm
Amidst the shivering shock,
Had fasten'd the adamant lock !
The distant arches rung :
And, the cluster'd columns all among,
Sounds repercussive yet replied,
And, thro' the cavern'd shades below,
As if bewailing ISABEL's woe,
In mutter'd thunders died.

Conclusion to Canto fourth.

1.

Where glimmering winds the subterraneous
floor,

Pale fancy shudders at a scene unknown!
Still midnight reigns. And hark that iron door
Half-open'd! What an agonizing groan!

I tremble down the dusky steps of stone,
As rigid horrors every sinew cramp:

And from yon walls below, where wild-
ly thrown (damp!

Gleam dying lights, I drink the vapoury
From the long-arched roof, hangs many a
faint blue lamp.

2.

From those black robes, and each infernal
glance

Livid beneath that murky canopy,

The hollow cheek, and shadowy counte-
nance, [eye !

See the wan wretch averts his hurried

Hah ! fiends—they laugh to scorn his
mercy-cry, [lash ;

And his limbs writhing to the wheelrack

And cold drops, as the screw grates hi-
deously, [flesh ;

Cold fearful drops stand on his trembling

The strain'd torn muscle leaps, the bones
disjointed crash.

3.

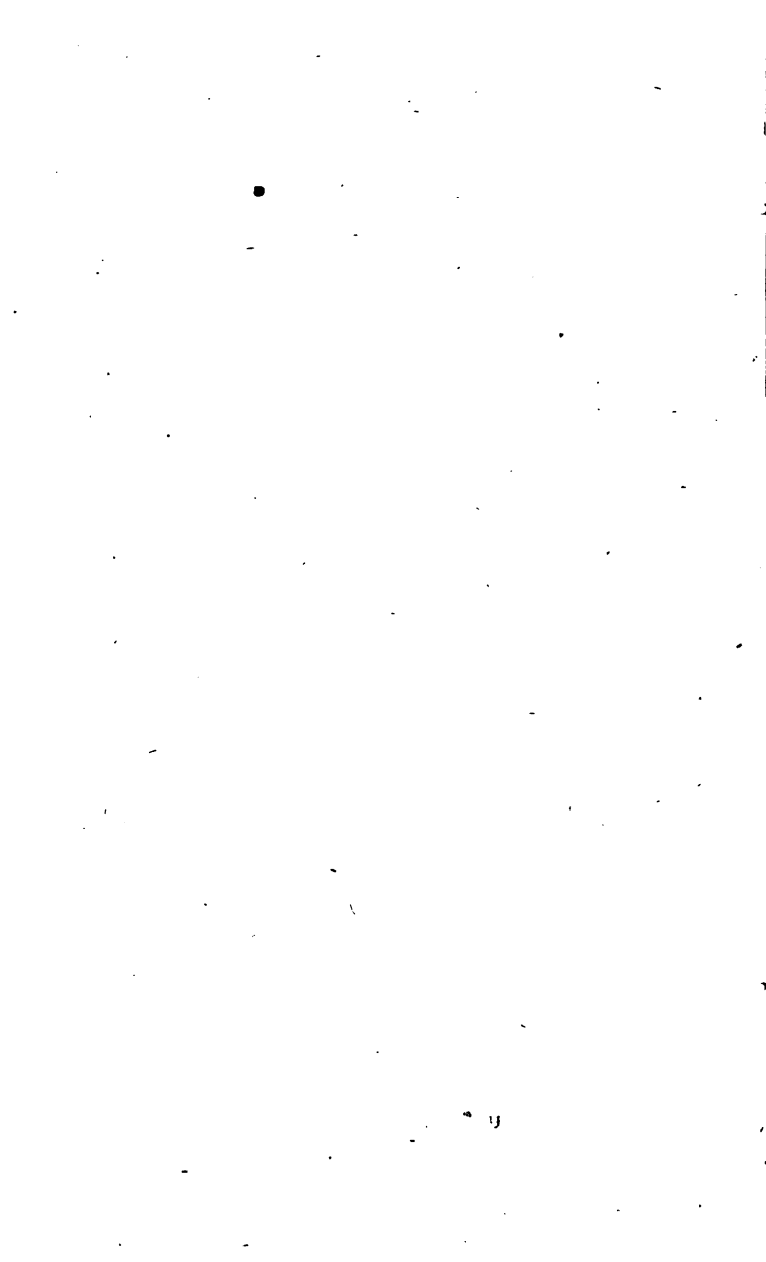
Here, where thro' British veins hath richly

roll'd [cing shriek,

More generous blood, tho' rare the piet-

The death-moan, that the torturing engine
told ; [wreak

Yet hath a Sanhedrim, too prompt to
Its vengeance, bid eternal curses break
On the frail sinner's poor devoted head ;
And innocence in vain her accents meek
And her moist eye for mercy rais'd to plead,
As smok'd the sulphurous torch thro' the
deep dungeon-shade.



THE
FAIR ISABEL OF COTEHELE,
A CORNISH ROMANCE.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIFTH.



The fair Isabel of Cotehele.

A CORNISH ROMANCE.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIFTH.

L.

Long o'er the mind had superstition shed .

Chill influence, where the cumbrous ab-

bey tower'd ;

And dark, as from the regions of the dead,

Oe'r varied life the cell-born phantom . . .

lour'd !

bower'd

Say, if secluded shades perchance em-

Some studious spirits to the muses dear ;

If alms were at the crouded portals pour'd;

Say, could those walls from doubt the con-

science clear.

[cheer ʃ .

And with one ray of hope aspiring virtue

II.

Blest be the hour, when Henry's flaming,
brand [Monk ;

Bade the, light flash upon the secret
When, as volcanos rocking all the land,
Imposture cowering from his anger
shrunk,

Tyrannic power, of adulation drunk,
And selfishness, consum'd with its own rust,
'Twas then with a tremendous crash,
were sunk

Roofs that for ages had but shelter'd lust ;
And purpled laziness lay whelm'd in sor-
did dust.

III.

Yet from the burning ruins that now blaz'd
In fierce abruptness to caprice's gale,
Sprang forth a fiend gigantic, that uprais'd
Its ensign like the comet's baneful trail ;

And, muttering vengeance to its victims
pale, [front!
Display'd, with blasting stride, its sable
Then guilt again, amidst the stifled wail
Of unseen sufferers, sought its sensual haun^t
And, sear'd by pardoning priests, bade fear
and death avaunt !



THE
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CANTO FIFTH.



The fair Isabel of Cotehele.

A CORNISH ROMANCE.

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

PALE night pass'd on. To conscious

MAWD

The fiends of darkness stalk'd abroad.

Staring at vacancy, she stood,

Then rous'd from her insensate mood

Leap'd up with shrieks, as if a dart

Her parched liver had pierc'd thro',

And with a sudden start
Sprang off, and flew
From the apostate *Priores* ;
Blasted by that cadaverous hue,
By that blood-guiltiness,
Which (tho' a too familiar screen,
A curtain, dropping oft between
Her moral sense and secret sin)
She view'd with dread ! And conscience
rang

Reproaches in her tingling ears:
Yet her's were disingenuous fears,
The coward's recreant pang.
So doth the pine-branch, black and bleak,
The raven's favourite perch,
On which she oft her barbarous beak
Did whet, and hoarslier croak—
So doth that branch her feathers scorch,
Smouldering from the thunder-stroke !

So doth it—its own inmate scare !
Her rustling pennons rest not there.

II.

Gasping for breath—" O let me pass !
" Where, where is father NICHOLAS ?"
Gasping for air—" O lead me up
To the battlements—to the high-roof top !
" I hear her still !—I hear her !—No !
" Sounds come not from so far below !"

III.

" Betray us not !"—still hovering nigh,
Said JAQUELINE, with a smother'd cry.
" To JESSE, (whom our prudent care
" Last evening had dispatch'd elsewhere,
" And who ran panting home,
" I have just shown her vacant room :
" And (hinting, from her mournful mood
" Disaster dire, I fear'd, would come)

"To seek her, have I *JESSE* sent,
 "And the old *boteler* to the cave :
 "And they will find her headdress rent,
 "And deem her drown'd in Tamar-wave—
 "Her veil (as I contriv'd)—her hood
 "From the rock dangling down the flood !
 "Then cease these idle fears. If pain
 (She mutter'd in low voice again)
 "If pain assail her mortal frame,
 "It wings her from the undying flame.
 "If we have given her to the grave,
 "The body sinks, the soul to save,"

IV.

Dumb now was *MAWD*. Her fell revenge
 Was quench'd. It was a woeful change.
 The night was drear. The winds blew chill:
 She clung to her dark watchtower still.
 Nor art nor threats could force her down,
 Not father *NICHOLAS*' dreadful frown.

"No—no! (she cried) I gasp for air!"—
Her dull eye gleam'd a transient glare,
And sank into a stupid stare.

V.

But lo along the horizon dim
There was a moving groupe :
And you might image in the gleam
Tall trees bending down the slope !
And thro' the mist descending slow ;
And still less visible below,
You might observe them strait withdrawn,
Where cluster'd in the dawn
Black crags grotesque. Behind the karna
Emerging soon, might eye discern
High steeds, and on their horses, men ;
And catch a glimmering, now and then,
Where flicker'd the red east, aslant,
As from gigantic warriors gaunt,

And now a glitter, a quick glance
Distinct from casque, or mail or lance.

VI.

Now in the pale light on they rush'd—
And you might see with ardour flusht
The horsemen, and thro' parting gloom
You might perceive a heron-plume,
And midst the steeds, or roan or brown
A snowy courser paw the down.

VII.

Sudden, they stopp'd above the wood
The troop, as in expectance, stood.
A herald then some story told ;
And long the parley seem'd to hold.
Now helm met helm. Now more at large,
The horseman appear'd to strike the targe,
Or, each at distance, couch the spear,
As if he cried : ' Avaunt to fear !'—

Again they paus'd. The leader's crest,
As he bow'd his head, deprest,
Now floated upwards to the sky,
While shook the heron-plume on high:
And now a banner, full display'd,
Involv'd him in its wavy shade;
When slowly the whole armed might
Wheeling off, vanish'd from the sight.

VIII.

Conjecture various thro' the day,
What sight was this could vainly say.
It seem'd it was Sir RICHARD's troop,
The Knight conspicuous in the group:
'Twas he: it was his white-war-horse:
Said guilty terror—'twas his corse!
It was, in truth, a spectre-train
In MAWN's disorder'd brain.

IX.

Each moment lagg'd. The eve was still.
A trampling on the distant hill
Was heard, but only struck the ear
Of those who listen'd full of fear.
Now more distinct the clatter was nigh :
The *Wardour* look'd with anxious eye ;
But no one yet could he descry.

X.

As expectation hung aloof ;
At once the sound of horse or hoof
(Tho' whilom wafted by the gale)
Was lost amid the bowery dale,
And scarce again was heard
Ere good Sir RICHARD's self appear'd.
And, whilst a pleasure, that defied
The frost of age, with crimson dyed
The *Wardour's* honest cheek ;
Tho' his old limbs were stiff and weak,

He hasten'd briskly down, to await
His master at the castle-gate.

XI.

Curvetting, his fine arched neck
Sir RICHARD's generous charger bent ;
And (tho' the silver curb's restraint
His spirit kept in with easy check,
As now the Knight would fain dismount)
Pranc'd yet awhile with harmless sport ;
Pleas'd that the friendly castle-court
And, pebble-pav'd, the channel'd floor
At his own stall, where stream'd the fount
Still spouting, met his eyes once more.

XII.

As beam'd o'er good Sir RICHARD's face
Benevolence its godlike grace,
His *Wardour's* undissembled joy
He mark'd, dismounting cheerily.

Of middle stature, firm his mien ;
And, tho' from growing years were seen
Some hoary traces, on his head
But in a few thin sprinklings shed,
And bare was the white polish'd crown ;
Yet, on his forehead ruddy brown
If time had drawn a furrowing line,
'Twas either smooth'd in smiles benign,
Or (as some thought he ponder'd o'er)
Seem'd in his serious musings, more
Of wisdom than of age, the sign.
Graceful his gait drew every eye ;
And his fine bow, was courtesy.
Manly his accents. Yet no voice
Had sweeter tones at ball or mask :
Not sweeter, love itself could ask ;
Tho' love had an unbounded choice
Of those who give the melting hour
To dalliance soft in lady's bower.

Is not such silver sweetness found
Too often a deceitful sound ?
Not so, the Knight's. The poor, the rich,
The feeble folk that aid beseech,
The proud, the modish, and the gay,
All with delight his counsels heard :
For, not untaught, for, not uncheer'd,
The poor, the wealthy went their way.
Nor his advice in sees and saws
Had weight from many a solemn pause,
But, for its sparkling not less wise,
Was lighted up with pleasantries :
For his elastic spirits were gay ;
And quick, was fancy's vivid play.

XIII.

Late o'er his features mild, had care
And sorrow cast the pensive air.
Pale from his wound, and paler yet
From grief, the unbidden tear-drop met

His menial's glance. But piety
Fervid in faith's illumin'd eye,
Dispers'd the mist, no longer now
Gathering on his dejected brow.

XIV.

"We had just reach'd, at morning-peep,
(Sir RICHARD said) "that sylvan steep ;
"When from Mount-Edgcumbe in full speed
"A herald came, on smoking steed.
"And "haste (he cried) and thither post !
"For, threaten'd by a vengeful host,
"Mount Edgcumbe's flames, ere morrow
 night,
"May fill the traveller with affright."
"Thither we bent our rapid course :
"And there will a sufficient force
"Protect the mansion, ere we go
"Right-marshal'd to avert the blow.

“ But where is ISABEL ? Where MAWD ?
“ Come, let us the Almighty laud ;
“ As soon its summons down the dell
“ Shall sweetly sound the vesper-bell !
“ Let us, my friends ! now sinks the day ,
“ For our good Lady ALICE pray !
“ And thank ye Him our swords who sway’d,
“ That we have well our queen obey’d,”

XV.

Sir RICHARD said. But no one spoke,
Till desperate anguish silence broke.
“ O! she is drown’d !—Miss ISABEL !”
Cried JESSE, with a piercing yell.
“ Her love is gone ! She sought the deep—
“ She lost her love—and is asleep.”
“ See—see, Sir Knight ! the flashing tide—
“ Come, and I’ll shew you where she died !”

XVI.

Frenzied her air, her strain was wild ;
It wander'd haply, far from truth :
Yet the good Knight, suspecting ruth,
Clasp'd his hands, crying : " O my child !"
But when reflexion's clouded gleam
Had brighten'd, as a clear sunbeam,
Sure of his daughter's steady mind,
Which all the woes of earth, combin'd,
Could not (and well he thought) derange :
Sir RICHARD flung
On JESSE a reproachful look
Mixt with a half contemptuous air,
(If ought like scorn that brow could wear)
And to fond hope's suggestion clung !
How transient !—With emotions strange
With mingled-doubt distrust and fear,
He saw, where all around him shook,
And, dreading some dire image near,

Where JESSE pointed, pass'd.
And follow'd, breathless and aghast,
(To shew what JESSE told was true,
And to perplex detection's clue)
MAWD, arm in arm with JACQUELINE !
So guilt and terror intertwine !

XVII.

" There, there (exclaim'd the *Prioress*)
" Sir RICHARD ! see my poor girl's dress
" Flaunting adown the cliff, and torn
" Amidst the prickly briar and thorn
" That veil—and to the pale moon's gleam
" Those ribbons twinkling in the stream !
" Oft have I dream'd 'twould come to
 this—
" Her cave so nigh the precipice !"

XVIII.

There was a sort of soothing ray
Fleeted o'er good Sir RICHARD's breast:
Whence it arose, he could not say,
Yet felt a momentary rest.
If it be true, that buoy'd on air
Minist'ring angels whisper oft
Placid peace—assurance soft,
Tho' hope expire, and joy no more
Can any human aid restore,
To save the righteous from despair;
Haply some angel-visitant
Was to Sir RICHARD sent—
His earthly comfort was but scant!

XIX.

As on the cliff's o'er-hanging brow,
Or in a vain pursuit below,
From dread or doubt or bitter woe
With all 'twas restless agony:—
Still was now the fine serene

Of darkling-eve's untroubled scene ;
The-glimmering bank ; the Tamar-wave
That a breeze scarcely stirr'd to heave ;
And more and more the spangled glow
Of the cerulean sky !

XX.

Its rocks as into Heaven to lift
On either side where rose the clift,
Its outline, how immense ! How deep
The grandeur of its shadowy sweep !
Ribb'd as with iron, smooth as glass,
Or icicled as with eve-drops,
Or from each crevice rough with copse,
Or fractur'd into chasms and caves,
Tufted with privet, shagg'd with pine,
Pinnacled its top, its base
Fretted where slumber now the waves:—
Each polish, and each curving line,
The craggs, the colours dark and light,
Were mingled in one umber'd mass

Beyond the reach of sight !—
Save where the stream at distance broke
Like molten silver thro' the gloom ;
Or, a broad cataract, down the rock
Whirl'd its majestic foam :
Or, tinted in the lunar ray,
Sprinkled soft its misty spray.

XXI.

And now the Tamar, deep in shade,
Or quivering far in brightness, stray'd.
The Knight a rippling murmur hears,
Now a dashing sound more nigh ;
When, gliding sudden on the eye,
A fisher's boat appears.
Rests on its oars the bark below—
Two shadowy figures on the prow.
Their silvery vests of softer white
Floated in the pale moonlight !
They were as spirits on airy clouds !

And other beings fill'd the bark—
Their forms in indistinctness dark
Seem'd wrapt in funeral shrouds.

XXII.

Familiar to the Knight, a harp
That oft had calm'd affliction sharp,
From the boat conspicuous shone :
Still, it glitter'd to the moon.
And echo to its solemn strings
From her watery cavern rings.

SONG.

I.

Where o'er Clan-alpine's dizzy peak
He bids his ancient eyrie lour,
See the undaunted eagle break
Amid the severing cloud and soar,
Exulting in the noontide ray !
He mounts into 'mid heaven and drinks
the golden day.

2.

Lord of the seas, the rocks, the sky,
Thro' the boundless deeps of air
Darting his undazzled eye—
Beyond our aching vision far
Still he ascends the sempiternal height
Flaming on rapid wing, and lost in floods
of light.

3.

But sailing down the ethereal waste,
And plunging thro' the wildwood gloom,
Lo ! he hath pounc'd (ah cruel feast !)
On some poor little fluttering plume !
Bird of the sun, with blood behold him
gor'd !
Triumphant o'er the weak, survey the taw-
ny lord !

4

Thus oft the priest on vulgar eyes
Awful in many a mystic rite,
Imposes holy pageantries !
Rich is his stole, his rocket white:
And the jewel'd mitre's glow
And lo, the saintly lawn—to swell the so-
lemn show.

5.

Hark, where the stern cathedral frowns,
In its stream of music deep
The impetuous organ drowns
Cares that vex and woes that weep !
And, as to Heaven aspires his soul,
His hands are lifted high, his orbs devout-
ly roll !

6.

But robes may flow, and mitres blaze,
And sounds transport the soul far hence :

His prey the bigot lurks to seize,
 Stain'd with the life of innocence !
Heaving his hypocritic sighs,
He whispers love and peace—and his
 poor victim dies !”

XXIII.

The echoed sounds were yet afloat,
When follow'd this responsive note—
It was a voice of manly tone,
Tho' feeling claim'd it all her own ;
A voice, to genuine sentiment
Where love its languid softness lent.

SONG.

I.

“ Once, amidst the emerald isle,
 With dread I saw the eagle bear

Her prey, where tower'd on craggy pile
Her nest, the cradle of despair.

2.

O'er pasture sweet, the rock below,
A spotless kid with pleasure stray'd,
And chas'd, unweeting of a foe,
His brother down the flowery glade.

3.

Sudden, I heard a mighty wing—
The rush was like the raging sea—
Her aid in vain would pity bring
Poor trembling kid! to rescue thee!"

XXIV.

The liquid measure died away,
Answer'd by a softer lay—
'Twas from the cliff a witching air!
It was, as from some rural maid

Whose generous truth the strain essay'd,
Tho' love had yet a larger share.

SONG.

1.

"Quick to watch, and true to guard,
And strenuous from the snare to save,
The faithful reap a rich reward,
Snatching virtue from the grave.

2.

It is a precious recompense,
Sweet as the breeze from spicy grove :
It soothes the heart, and charms the sense—
Only not so sweet as love."

XXV.

Forms, such as angels haply are,
And sounds, as if from Heaven's own choir,
The richest treasure of the lyre,

Were, to frenzy and despair,
Like guilty beings that had burst
The cearments of the sepulchres—
Were like the howlings of the accurst
To the murderer's restless ears.

XXVI.

"I know you well—I know you well!"
Cried MAWD with a dire maniac yell—
"They beckon, beckon me to hell!"
"I did it! I did it!"—the *Prioress* cried,
And seizing her quick, with a mad clasp
 embrac'd, [round her waist,
And in serpent folds twisted, close, close
With MAWD in her arms from the preci-
 pice sprang!
To the wild leap the hollow rocks rang!
O'er their bodies the water-spray flash'd;
And their teeth they in agony gnash'd,
As they sank in the foam of the tide.

Conclusion to Canto fifth.

1.

Yes ! tho' the stain of guilt were black and
deep, [Priest !

See 'midst his mystic rites, the absolving
Lo, e'en if bloöd the pale stiletto steep,
From murder the polluted wretch releast!

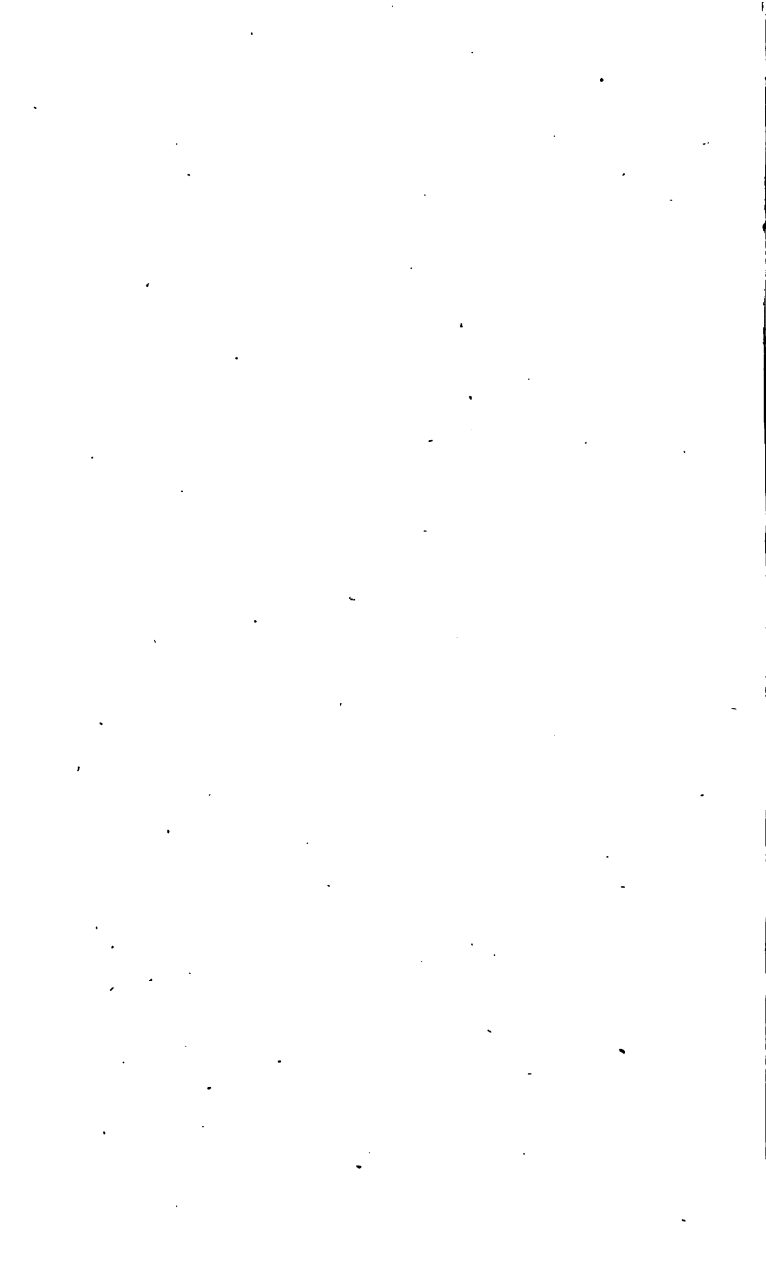
Yet in the throbbing heart hath con-
science ceas'd? [ing died?

Hath, on the cheek, the last blush linger-

Ah ! still a secret feeling gnaws the breast;
 And he, afraid of man, who God defied
 Shall, all unshriev'd, expire, the abandon'd
 suicide !

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INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SIXTH.



The Fair Isabel of Cotehele.

A CORNISH ROMANCE.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SIXTH.

I.

In Edward's age, the castle wav'd in air
 (To festal music tho' its gallery rang)
From its black battlements the flag of war ;
 And its hall echoed to the martial clang !
'Twas then to proud Restormal's ram-
 parts sprang
'The centinel, to mark who lurk'd below :
 From old Lanherne, 'twas then the bow-
 man strang
And thro' barr'd windows bent his twang-
 ing bow : . [the threatening foe.
The foss, the bulwark scorn'd, high-flankt,

II.

But, not in Mary's days, the bridge, the moat,
The prong'd portcullis, massy window-
bars,

Frown as before ; nor warlike ensigns float
From the broad turrets ; nor, terrific, jars
The iron-studded door ; nor haughty war's
Still-reeking armoury asks new founts of
blood :

The half-uncastled mansion now appears,
Where rough the dark Baronial fortress
stood ;
And cheerful radiance streams, where
scowl'd suspicion's brood.

III.

Say, whence, in those last days, the auspi-
cious change ?

No more in savage independence stern,
Breathing fierce war, or plotting fell revenge,
Baronial chiefs with rival ardour burn !—

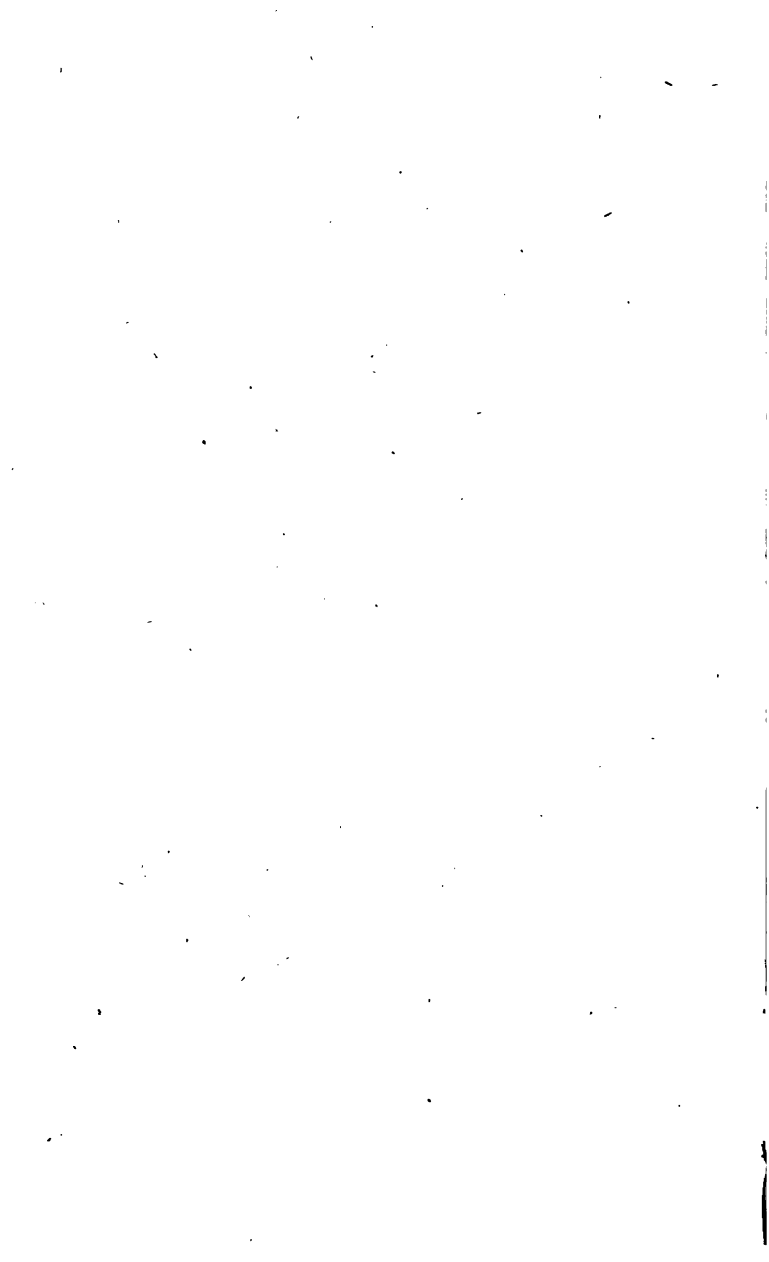
But (ah how late the lesson !) taught to
yearn .

O'er woes amidst contentious folly rife,

Alas ! the brother fall'n, the sire they
mourn

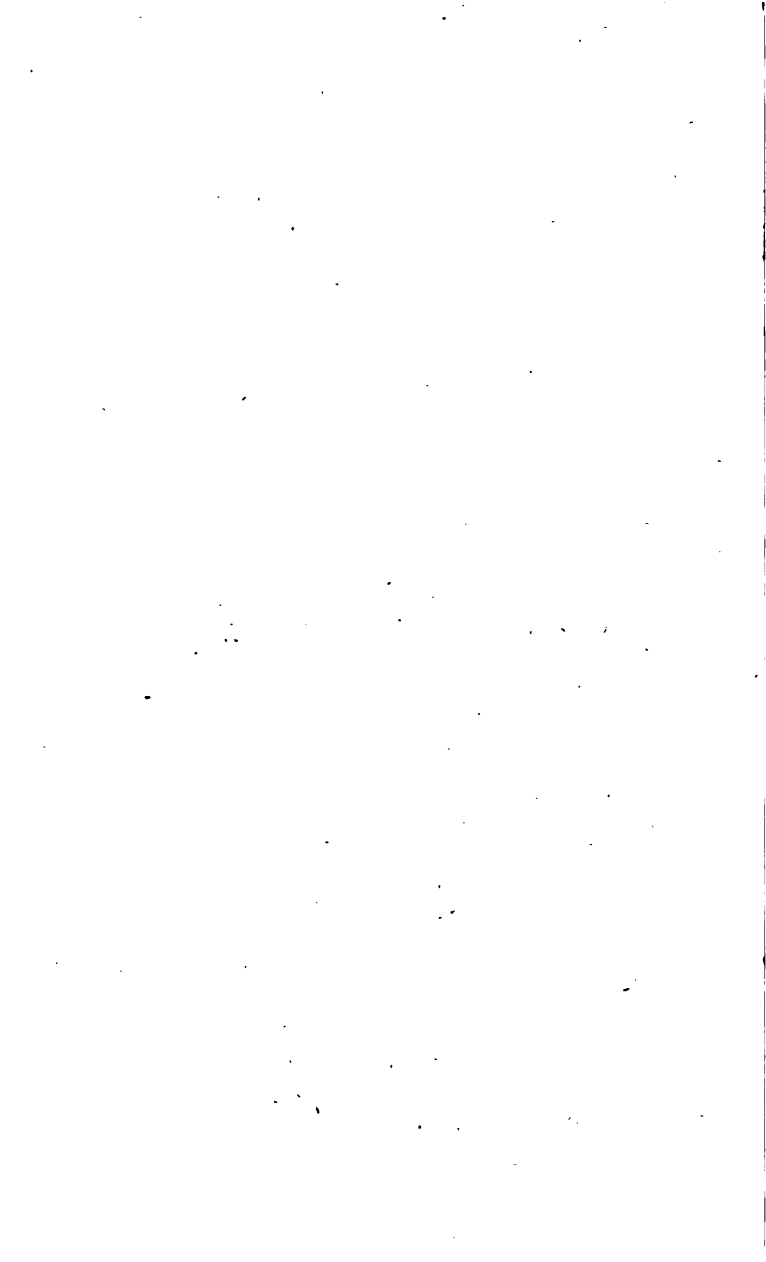
Erst victims to hereditary strife,

And hail the lovely forms that spring from
milder life.



THE
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CANTO SIXTH.



The fair Isabel of Cotehele.

A CORNISH ROMANCE.

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

FULL on Edgcumbe's-mount, awhile,
The sun effus'd a vivid smile ;
And half the lovely wave-girt scene
Was flusht as with a faery sheen.
And, tho' they drank no genial light,
The blossom'd laurestine and bay,
And myrtles woo'd the gilding ray ;
Ere-long to mourn a night

That would their green leaves whirl away,
And rife every flowering spray.

II.

Far to the East the extensive seas
Were ruffled by the rising breeze ;
Tho' the huge promontory's shade
Was o'er a smooth expanse display'd,
And soft the waters fain would flow
To kiss the silver sands below.

III.

Nearer now, the labouring deep
Arose, as one enormous wave !
Then would another billow heave,
Vast and unbroken ! Without foam
It seem'd one mass of steely gloom ;
Till, swelling to a haughtier height,
With shuddering sweep,
It burst against a bellying rock :

And a long ridge of white
Rush'd o'er the sea, like furnace-smoke ;
Or, like the high-maned troop of horse
That, in their headlong course
All iron-black, toss fiery froth
Amidst the sabre's wrath !

IV.

And now, as with a loosen'd roar,
Did surges whiten, far and wide,
And lash the beachland, as in ire,
O'er the sands then breaking slide,
Then in revulsion quick retire
From the dark moaning shore.
And the welkin a dense cloud o'er-cast
Pavilioning the Atlantic waste ;
Where a sea-gull squadron wheel'd
In dizzy flight, and downwards reel'd,
And mounting their snow-pinions pour'd !
The dense cloud blacken'd as they soar'd.

V.

Firm-bas'd and garreted around,
Four stately towers the mansion crown'd.
There a lorn oak, in deep decay,
That had seen ages roll away,
Sole relic of an ancient wood
Which wav'd where now the mansion stood,
In lurid light appear'd to lour,
As frowning on the Eastern tower :
And its boughs bent low with many a
 creak,
Prelusive of some coming wreck :
Then, swelling o'er the rampir'd height,
As it arose in all its might,
From its vast hollow oft did part
A groan, as from a broken heart.

VI.

Sir RICHARD, ere the storm grew dark,
Had reach'd Mount-Edgcumbe's spacious
 park ;

And, now assur'd from fresh alarms
That no false tale of men in arms
Had met his ear, his menials all
Arrang'd around the scutcheon'd hall;
Flung open the wide entrance-gate,
And bade them there the foe await.

VII.

Nor long ere, buffeting the blast,
The troop those island-waters pass'd
Where danger in its deadliest form
Rode on the ridges of the storm,
And now wound up in rapid march
The hill, and threaded the gate-way arch,
And the hall enter'd, unoppos'd,
Their beavers down, their vizors clos'd.

VIII.

There was a shivering thrill. But the roar
Of the winds without, scarce echoed more,

Than the clash of armour now within,
The bossy shield, the helmet's din.

IX.

It was the clash of shields dash'd down,
Of falchions o'er the rush'd floor thrown;
Of peaceful gauntlets prompt to tell
No stern defiance as they fell;
While foemen friends, and whispering masks
Obeisant plumes, obsequious casques,
Fair hands, that all so ill allied
To war, the cupids lov'd to link,
The flower-soft finger's living pink
That whilom tremulously tried
In feebleness to lift a lance—
Now wav'd, soliciting the dance;
The muscular strong arm, the wrist
Bony and rough, amidst the list
Well suited to the battle-axe,
That did its ligaments relax

To lady-palm like virgin-wax,
And many a Flora-figure gliding,
And shapes of bulky stature striding—
Were, as the vision'd trains that pass
In necromancer's glass.

X.

Above the rest, of brawny limb,
Masking, I trow, a visage grim,
Stalk'd, as inur'd to stern command,
The leader of the motley band—
He stalk'd, as from some giant haunt,
Like Ashtaroth or Termagaunt
Cas'd in a mail of adamant.

XI.

And lightly flutter'd at the side
Of this redoubted champion—
Of border-bard, it seem'd, a son ;
His green-silk garb with ribbons tied :

The stripling was alert and young ;
A harp across his shoulder flung.

XII.

Scarce had Sir RICHARD courteous bow'd,
And welcom'd the mysterious crowd,
Ere open the folding doors flew,
Disclosing to the astonisht view
A golden-fretted dome ;
Rich lamps illumining the room
And flinging round a rainbow light,
Purple and green and ruby-bright,
And full upon the orchestra streaming,
On hautboy, lute and organ beaming,
But resting with a faery glow
On two slight forms that sat below.

XIII.

Both attir'd in snowy vests
Arose (the stranger guests

Now entering) and tho' mask'd each face,
And save their vizors, all was white,
Seem'd circled, as with halos light
Of glory and of grace !
Equal in stature, they both shone
Inspiring reverence. Yet was one
More like a habitant of air,
More like celestial vision fair ;
While trembled to her panting breast
The little cherub Love, exprest
On a clear onyx-stone
That, set in gold, drew witchingly
To its fine sculpture every eye !
Touch'd by the tool of graver nice,
How delicate the sweet device !
Love, there, a coffin-lid unclosing,
Fann'd with his little purple plume
Some form in slumber pale reposing—
Soft lustre dawning thro' the gloom.

XIV.

The orchestra rings. The pairs advance,
To thrid the mazes of the dance ;
Or tripping on the feathery toe ;
Or bounding, rapid as the roe ;
Or mark'd amidst the various throng
By firmer step and statelier gait ;
Or, bidding, as they swim along,
Joyance every movement wait !
The laugh, the whisper quaint went round,
Feign'd tones conjecture to confound ;
The hand was squeez'd, the sigh was sent
To meet some sigh congenial, meant ;
And, by its cincture ill-represt,
Heav'd with high swell the tender breast.

XV.

Still the old harper's watchful eyes
Suspicious of the soft disguise
Look'd back ; nor fearless yet repos'd ;

But (oft from the hall-floor's rushes green
As a lance's or target's quick glitter was
seen)

The folding doors with caution clos'd.

XVI.

The music ceas'd. And, opening wide
Flew back as if by magic slide,
A pannel high on either side.
And down a flight of steps, was seen
Far beneath, and far within,
A viand-cover'd board—outstretcht
Beyond where the eye straining reach'd,
And radiant to the dazzled sight
Amidst a long, long stream of light.

XVII.

Down the steps rustled now amain,
Or tramp'd the festive train.

And some aloof, and some in groupe,
Their masks thrown off, their beavers up,
Caught the hurried—the blank gaze
From terror, transport, and amaze !
Ardent gratulations rung ;
Good wishes dropp'd from many a tongue—
Wishes that brought to christmas dear,
The assurance of “ a happy year ! ”
And there were silent looks, that stole
Rapture, blending soul with soul—
But still the wild incredulous stare
And dread and pleasure mingled there.

XVIII.

Yet foremost in the social bond
And of his earliest pastimes fond,
With admiration look'd around
On knights and ladies, old Chamond !
Full many a board with friendship crown'd.

And many a scene in camp and court
Of grave debate or gay resort,
And many a chance, and many a change
Had the Knight witness'd ; but, so strange
The events developed to his eyes—
Such ne'er before had rais'd surprize !
And CAMPERNULPH and rough Trelask,
Trelawney too stripp'd off his mask,
An honest independent son
Of worthies who had laurels won ;
But in whose ears pride oft would ring
Perchance that hoary-sculptur'd rhyme
Which strove to send to distant time
His chivalrous old sire and king :
' Hee that will do ought for mee,
' Let him love well Sir John Tirlawnaic !'
And he, whose sire from Lisboa's shore
'Midst blazing galleys dash'd the Moor,
Reflected from the ruddy deep
As broad fires dyed Almada's steep ;

Who now in a papistic age
Offer'd his Cornwall's ready tear,
Softening the scowl severe
Of Mary's bigot rage !
And fair Mohun and faithful Saule
Dismiss'd their vizors, one and all !
And he, too, from his hoar Lanherne,
In rich ancestral honours stern,
Who bore the long-transmitted stamp
Of merit from the trophied camp,
And drew a splendour not his own
From Exon's proud prelatic throne ;
And he, from Karnbre's Druid gloom
Darkening the crenallated dome ;
And that warm chief, whose patriot love
First kindled in the eagle grove ;
And Caerminow whom, east away,
And where pale Hesper slopes its ray,
Manerial vassals did obey,

Whose British sire bade scythed war
Hang on the Roman's routed rear ;
And high Godolphin (fond to pour
His generous soul in courtly cheer,
Where all his hills were glittering ore)
To loyal zeal and wisdom dear ;
And, liberal as the solar beam,
St. Aubyn sprung from Norman stem ;
And he, whose sea-borne father fled,
As his white horse (the legend said)
Did stoutly cleave
The roaring wave,
Where was whelm'd, one mighty wreck,
Amidst the unearthly shriek
Of desperation and distress,
With its hundred towers, the Lionesse !

XIX.

Nor buxom beauty on the wane
Or undecay'd, shone all in vain.

Where to its horned front the Rame
Courts o'er, the surge the orient's flame,
To dark Bolerium's westering shade ;
Issued the laughter-loving dame,
To crimson hood with ermine dight
And graceful wimple snowy-white
And curl'd hair frounc'd and curious ruff
And broider'd vest and stiff brocade
To attract the notice that admires ;
And of young damsels store enough
To raise the tumult of desires
Which " vermeil-tinctur'd lips " awake,
And tresses like that morning-break !

XX.

But CAMPERNULPH beside, sat one—
All in a nook, a fair *Unknown* !
And, apprehensive of some ill
The coming moment might disclose,

ON CAMPERNULPH, from out her nook,
She oft did cast a timid look !
Breathing sweetness, where the rill
To lave its bank of verdure flows,
The lily, delicate and pale,
Seeks from the boisterous gale
In its deep leaves a sheltering shade !
So sweet (it seem'd) and all so frail,
The little trembler droop'd her head !
Of every murmur was afraid
That lily of the vale !
Lifting her eyes, for aid
They fain would ask she knew not why,
Spontaneous to *Cotehele's* fair maid,
O ! they were fix'd where loveliness
The mourner did rejoice to bless !
And from *Cotehele's* fair maid there fell
On the meek stranger such a ray
As chas'd her every fear away !
And it repos'd—so sisterly—

So balmy—it resembled well
A sunbeam on that lily's bell !

XXI.

Claiming from all a mute regard,
Stepp'd forth the gray-hair'd bard.—
“ I wonder not, in such amaze
“ Still more and more the good folks gaze !
“ I wonder not, Lady ALICE, so lost,
“ Appals every countenance here like a
ghost !
“ And that bright angel, ISABEL !—
“ But a strange tale 'tis mine to tell,
“ A tale of dire and bigot strife;
“ Of murder bringing death to life !

XXII.

“ Far was good Sir RICHARD gone,
“ Summon'd by duty's haughty tone.
“ I pitied, now left all alone

- “ My poor young mistress from my heart,
“ Suspecting plots from Romish art.
“ But, by a lucky chance ’twas mine
“(The year’s first night in terror past,
“ As now the clock went one)
“ To overhear that JACQUELINE
“ Close in converse with the *Priest*:
“ Each word my boding fears increas’d.
“ They said they had trac’d out (I ween
“ Thanking high popery and its queen)
“ Fair ISABEL in every scheme,
“ Led by her love’s romantic dream.
“ Much of a *Carmelite* old *Friar*
“ Fostering ERIZEY’s amorous fire—
“ Much of ERIZEY did they speak,
“ Erst prone to pray and prone to fight,
“ A *Palmer-saint*, a gallant knight;
“ And much, too, of a stranger-*Greek* ;—
“ Their guests, who scarce an hour before
“ Bade the hall echoe to the roar.

- “ Of songs and broils and drunken glee—
“ Alas ! no welcome guests to me !—
“ The *Friar* with stratagems so stor’d
“ How they extoll’d, and how deplor’d
“ Mutual, the abortive spousal-rite
“ Work of that crafty *Carmelite* ;
“ Yet whispering—‘ For ERIZEY’s gold
“ The subtle *Friar* his soul hath sold !’—
“ Describ’d how, worn by wounds and toil
“ And by his conscience stung the while,
“ ERIZEY had confess’d his thirst
“ For young TREVANION’s blood, and curst
“ The duel in the dale of Glynn,
“ And had disclos’d a plot
“ With the arch-priest of death and sin,
“ Which bore of guilt the broadest blot,
“ And, dreadful to the standers by,
“ Had just expir’d in agony.
“ They said, indeed, that, ‘on their faith
“ (Muffling up within their teeth

- “ Each word with a suspicious shrug)
“ They were afraid some poisonous drug
“ Hād bid the *Palmer's* spirit depart—
“ The modern *Greek* well knew the art.’
“ But half their hints to me were dark.
“ The castle in affright
“ Had seen the falling, fainting Knight—
“ For only in a swoon, ’twas said,
“ ERIZEY dropp’d—he was not dead !
“ And, each manœuvre tir’d to mark,
“ I to my couch had slunk away,
“ Had I not heard the beldame say—
“ Nay, in quick concert heard them both :
“ ISABEL shall swear an oath
“ That nun she will be, nothing loath ;
“ Or, by the mass, to greet her eyes,
“ No—never more the sun shall rise !
“ But, clos’d up in my lady’s vault,
{“ It is the heretic’s own fault)

“Shall her cold arms, ere the Knight return,
“ Have clasp’d in death her mother’s urn.”

XXIII.

“ As I had known, for many a day,
“ A secret subterranean way,
“ Up to the vault from Tamar’s tide,
“ Tho’ shook my frame, I thither hied,
“ And enter’d it, all unespied.
“ ’Twas, thro’ a small dim iron door
“ (By lichens long encrusted o’er)
“ Far in the windings of ISABEL’s cave,
“ I stole, as dash’d below the wave ;
“ And thro’ the noisome passage crept
“ To where interr’d Lady ALICE slept.

XXIV.

“ There, scarce as in the den of death
“ For pale expectance I drew breath,

- " Listening to low gales murmuring by,
" I started from a heavy sigh.
" For a few seconds all was hush'd—
" It seem'd as if to stir the shade
" The very gales were now afraid !
" But again a moan,
" A deeper sob, a human groan
" With horror did I hear !
" When, on by some strange impulse
pusht,
" Where lay my lady I ventur'd near !
" And with amaze did I perceive
" Yet hardly could my sense believe
" Her body not at rest ;
" And, from wild hope at once grown bold,
" Her icy hand's weak pulses press'd
" And rais'd her from her coffin cold ;
" And, midst the charnel shiverings dark,
" Welcom'd her life's rekindling spark, —

“ Tho’ scarce,—before I heard
“ The massy door above unbarr’d :
“ And woefully its hinges jarr’d.

XXV.

“ Ere I could reach the steps, it clos’d
“ Thundering.—That instant interpos’d,
“ I sav’d—I sav’d dear ISABEL !
“ My voice was not a funeral knell—
“ She knew the poor old harper well !

XXVI.

“ But to be brief. I simply say—
“ They were restor’d to liberal day !
“ For how they look’d, or what their plight,
“ Bath’d again in balmy light,
“ And what they utter’d, or how sigh’d,
“ Descended now to Tamar’s tide,
“ No bard could tell. Their frames (from
 pain
“ And terror feeble,) to sustain,

- " It was a generous *seaman's* pride !
" But, of his truth and honesty
" Jesse, perchance, knows more than I
" In his neat cabin not in vain
" Brought back to genial life again,
" And gliding in his little skiff
" Beneath the perilous cliff,
" What raptur'd eyes my ladies bless'd !
" Chaste in radiance pure, the moon
" On forms more heavenly never shone !
" Sir Knight ! I dare not tell the rest.—

XXVII.

- " But, by the rood, I'll add at least,
" Full quickly disappear'd the *Priest* ;
" Perhaps, amidst his web of wiles,
" To bask beneath queen Mary's smiles.
" Pardon—such scenes reserv'd to see—
" An old man garrulous and free."

XXVIII.

When cried the one in emerald vest,
(’Twas EDWARD, erst the minstrel-guest)
“ In sooth, with wonder and with fear,
“ Tale so romantic strikes my ear !
“ Then, it was he, to reason lost—
“ My love it was ERIZEY cross’d !
“ Then, it was he (mysterious Heaven !)
“ Against this arm was driven !
“ Yes ! by this arm I deem’d him slain,
“ And mingled with my uncle’s train.
“ But when the desperate fray was done,
“ To the same spot did I repair ;
“ Where one, whom I believe
“ Holy as reverend fathers are,
“ Hung over him, as in act to shrieve.
“ Ah ! bitter unction doom’d to share,
“ I left the wretch full soon,
“ I feel—to an assassin’s care !

XXIX.

" To Launceston-keep 'twas mine to go,
 " Yet trusting to a generous foe,
 " To worth aye prompt its aid to lend,
 " A foe of state, a secret friend !
 " Thro' him, long since, our Mary bent
 " On TREVANION's punishment,
 " Was soften'd, ready to relent :
 " But o'er her wavering mind its gloom
 " Return'd ; and she pronounc'd his doom.

XXX.

" My uncle to his prison consign'd,
 " For some few hours I bade farewell ;
 " And fleet as on the wings of wind
 " Rode eastward to my ISABEL !
 " But, as I retrac'd my way,
 " In vain my bosom sought repose—
 " Ah ! ISABEL ! that *Palmer's* lay !
 " How sharp a thorn had Sharon's rose !

“ E’en when I saw like felon-wight
“ TREVANION to the scaffold led,
“ All Jordan danç’d before my sight,
“ And all the balms of Gilead bled,
“ Yet the sweet image of a heart,
“ A heart that ne’er deceiv’d,
“ Bade from my soul its bodings part,
“ And every grief reliev’d !
“ I wish’d no more !”—(Half EDWARD said
In whispers to his listening maid.)
“ But, as I saw advance
“ The axe to deal the deadly blow,
“ Recover’d from my trance,
“ I recoil’d from fear and woe !

XXXI.

“ O’er Dunheved’s spectred towers,
“ Echoing the minute-moans of night,
“ Had broken the morning light ;
“ And fate led on the pallid hours,

- “ The victim scaffold, (far beneath
“ Chambers that terrific breathe
“ The spirit of long-laps’d ages back)
“ Yet frowning from on high—
“ Its funereal vesture black
“ To every pale uplifted eye
“ Appear’d to shake disdainfully.
“ The prisoner on the crowds around
“ More awful than his scaffold frown’d.
“ But spare me such a story—spare—
“ The axe was rais’d in air—
“ The keen-edg’d axe, to strike the blow;
“ When a herald as of fire
“ The winding valley whizz’d along.
“ To blast on blast Dunheved rung!
“ And “ pardon !” from above, below,
“ Pardon !” proclaim’d by every tongue,
“ From age to youth, from son to sire,
“ Electric, lighten’d up the throng !”..

XXXII.

Young EDWARD paus'd ; then cast a look
Expressing more than muse can tell
On his own ISABEL —
Then with new agitation shook,
As he his parting gift survey'd
That, brilliant on her bosom, ray'd
A light on each mysterious line.
And, sooth to say, he had little thought
How emblematic the design
Was destin'd soon to be !
And how prophetic, how divine
Was that sweet poesy
Enamour'd virtue wrote !
For utterance EDWARD vainly strove,
To speak the miracles of love.

XXXIII.

Abruptly when TREVANION rose—
A heartsmile hasten'd to compose,

His curled lip of pride,
And to relax his rugged brows.
And "Generous VALETORT!" he cried—
" 'Twas thine my pardon to bestow:
"The scaffold to thy queen I owe!
"To Mary, oft to death inclin'd,
"It was thy first, thy last report—
"It was thy sentence, VALETORT!
"That fix'd the bigot's fickle mind.
"Courteous I come, then—greeting thee!
"Forgive this martial mummary.

XXXIV.

"Crimes, axes, prisons disappear!
"Yet lurk there still two culprits here.
"Thou art turn'd coward, by my troth!
(TREVANION grinn'd and swore an oath)
"Thou, who didst couch the heroic lance,
"A dastard at a lady's glance!—

" But let us spare her timid charms—

" I give thee, nephew ! to her arms."

XXXV.

" Yes ! (VALETORT exclaims) he well

" Deserves my gentle ISABEL !

" And when the sixth sun shall appear

" Since open'd this heart-thrilling year,

" Shall nuptial rites in fair array

" Distinguish our prime holiday.

XXXVI.

" Health to my spirit was, instant, brought

" As I approach'd the Tamar-stream :

" My good old Minstrel's smile I caught :

" His features met the bright moon-beam .

" His harp-tones bade my soul rejoice ;

" And I had caught in his voice .

- " But had not ISABEL been restor'd
" To a fond father's arms,
" And ALICE hail'd her grieving lord
" As by a miracle from the dead,
" My heralds, strait equipp'd, had spread
" Among my wonted guests the alarms—
" The mournful hatchment trembling here,
" And sombrous shadows, for the cheer
" That now brings in the glad some year.

XXXVII.

- " Well met, my friends ! tho' pictur'd out
" By troubled fancy, care and doubt,
" I own, I saw some rebel rout.
" And I had gathering fears—till late
" Expecting, at the castle-gate,
" My christmas friends—I saw not one !
" 'Twas then, perchance, in Plym's fair
town,

" My foeman in disguise—I guess'd—
 " Had all into his service press'd ;
 " And, as I hop'd this night would prove
 " The invader's strides but feats of love,
 " I order'd my domestic train
 " To lighten up these walls again ! "

XXXVIII.

And now the providential scheme
 That featur'd but a few short days,
 Reveal'd to every eye did seem,
 Miraculous, in all its maze ;
 When, 'midst a universal hum,
 WILLIAM approach'd the banquet-room :
 And there was heard a heavy groan !
 The festal goblet in suspense !
 Quiver'd ! And over all
 Again, had apprehension thrown
 Its pleasure-damping pall !
 " Sir Knight ! we bear " (the *sailor* cries)
 " A man whose story, ere he dies,

- " Claims instant audience.
 " He, who was call'd the *Carmelite*,
 " And father NICHOLAS bedight
 " In raiment odd, (the *Monk*—a Greek—
 " The *Priest* apparel'd, like a Shick,
 " As some one said—all Arabasque—)
 " Pursued, it seems, this martial masque,
 " To mingle with my lords, intent ;
 " Tho' with all the prowlers's scent,
 " On felon acts ferocious bent.
 " But to flinders on a rock
 " Their skiff the boiling billows broke.
 " The *Priest* went down, to rise no more ;
 " While mangled and half-dead I bore
 " This *Carmelite* to the shore.
 " Snatcht but a moment from the grave
 " He saw himself a corse ;
 " And, goaded by remorse,
 " Strait to my charge this corpse gave !

XXXIX.

The silver casket ISABEL

And Lady ALICE knew full well.

Thro' all their veins strange thrillings ran

The *Prioress*—"twas her talisman"—

She oft would mutter—"on her faith,

' To open it, were death.'

XL.

" I found it on the Tamar-bank"—

(Moan'd the *Monk*—his voice was choakt)

" That sorceress—there her carcase sank !

" It would disclose a tale

" Of moment, aye how much to me—

" And mine (she said) it soon should be ;

" Sworn as I was in crime to assist

" Herself and her conspiring *Priest*.

" But her words wildly she revok'd,

" At her own promise, deadly pale.

“ It tells, indeed, a tale how deep,
“ To bid the greenwoods of *Cotehele*—
“ The gayest greenwoods weep.
“ Yet did I meditate a blow
“ To plunge you in profounder woe—
“ Lo, here the phial—here the steel !
“ The casket speaks of lady fair,
“ A lady of a high degree—
“ (I meant a perjur’d oath to swear
“ That I had rifled all her charms)
“ Whom, if accorded to my arms,
“ I would, as hounds explore the lair,
“ Have hunted over earth and sea !
“ But, if refus’d her—well I knew
“ The use of drugs and daggers too !”

XLI.

O’er all his bloodless countenance
That olive hue was one dead ash ;

And, flickering in their sockets tense,
From his eyes of fire did fierceness flash ;
And his breath grew short—There was
no cure,

As, fastening on a canker'd heart,
Stings from a demon bade him start !
As for some clue, all look'd around,
Nor meaning in a story found
So incoherent and obscure.

XLII.

Then, rising with a rending groan,
“ It were some little to atone
“ For guilt”—he cried—“if spar'd to tell
“ What at her birth, what since befell.
“ The lost MATILDA, hapless maid,
“ Cherisht by crime, by crime betray'd,
“ That maiden (as these papers show)
“ Nurst at Blym's nunnery, nurst for woe,

(He look'd up hideously and smil'd)
" Was lady ALICE's own child.
" She, weetless infant ! soon as born,
" Was from my lady's bosom torn
" (For on that bosom fever prey'd)
" And to the nunnery strait convey'd,
" And there, at JACQUELINE's behest,
" Confided to an alien breast.
" The hireling-nurse soon died—'tis said—
" Perhaps from nunnery-poison dead—
" When a babe was to the castle brought :
" And my lady lent a mother's smile
" To her own infant—as she thought—
" It was a changeling, all the while.
" Yes ! little MAWD (of lineage base)
" Who now usurp'd MATILDA's place,
" That changeling—so my faith inclines—
" Was the nun's own—was JACQUELINE's.
" For, tho' her meanness lick'd the dust
" Where avarice groped, and gloted lust,

- „ Ambition soar'd in her designs.
“ And—for a *Prioress*—what lynx eyes
“ Can pierce her chamber-mysteries ?
“ Meantime the girl, of noble blood,
“ Brought up among the sisterhood,
“ The prim superior did caress
“ In pity to the motherless !
“ And sweet MATILDA's modest mien,
“ When 'twas my fate, alas ! to fall
“ Sore wounded nigh the nunnery-wall—
“ Her streaming eye—her tendance kind
“ So won my heart, so struck my mind,
“ That, ere she had attain'd sixteen,
“ (Poor recompense for so much care)
“ I bore away the unpractis'd fair.
“ But meeting an intrepid Knight
“ Ere many a mile had bent our course,
“ I yielded to determin'd force
“ The shrieking maid; and in quick flight

- “ My country fled, as one undone :
“ For I had deem’d my nymph a nun ;
“ And knew too well, nor tears nor time
“ Could expiate or wash out the crime.
“ Yet undiscover’d, yet conceal’d
“ (The casket says) from prying eye
“ She lives ! On her left breast anneal’d
“ A strawberry glows, and bright the dye ;
“ Tho’ never to my sight reveal’d—
“ For me, she is all purity !
“ But O ! A curse I cannot flee—
“ Heaven’s curse pursues a wretch like me !
“ O ! my offences have been rank
“ From Jordan’s shores to Tamar’s bank.
“ See—see the *Greek* !—Again he bleeds ;
“ His garments clotted all with gore !
“ Hark—hark—the mad waves roar !
“ Ye might have wash’d this turban white ;
“ But O ! the murderer’s deeds
“ Still visible in the thickest night,

“ And foul to blot the fairest day

“ Wild waves ! ye cannot wash away ! ”

XLIII

Sunk down, he ceas'd—a deadly pause—

Then, while his hands he rais'd,

As if for pardon he would pray,

And mutter'd, somewhat yet to say,

Clench'd was each hand, and lock'd his
jaws.

And now borne off, as all amaz'd

Look'd on that spectacle of fear,

Scarce did they heed the timourous maid

Who sate her veteran Knight so near,

And erst had shrunk, of all afraid ;

But had now fall'n—and dim'd her sight—

Cold as the marble, and as white.

XLIV.

“ Yes ! from destruction's ready gulph

“ I rescued her,” (cried CAMPERNULPH)

- “ She was a foundling babe, (she said)
“ And ‘save me’—(she implor’d and
kneel’d)
“ From her to love and pity steel’d,
“ And guard me in the secret shade.’
“ Her griefs nine years have glided o’er !
“ Still with the wren she lov’d to lurk.
“ And sure it was the signal work
“ Of all-indulgent Providence,
“ To her own house that lur’d her thence ;
“ And bade old CAMPERNULPH restore
“ MATILDA—to that dear embrace,
“ And give her, where glows every grace
“ (As sighs, from some, too sorely tell)
“ And all the loves—to ISABEL !”

XLV.

Already in her mother’s arms
Returning life had lighted up
MATILDA’s cheek and opening eyes,

As dawning on the cowslip's cup,
The morn, its cold dew colouring, warms !
Already did MATILDA prize
Her sister's angel-sympathies !

XLVI.

Oft, many-twinkling as they swim,
Phantoms now dark, now cloath'd in light,
Fleet before the mental sight :
Unbidden, thro' the fever'd night,
Delirium weaves the dancing dream.
So were the gentle Fair-ones tranc'd !
So visions in spontaneous play
Obscuring almost reason's ray—
Bewilder'd, to retire they rose ;
When lo ! again the Bard advanc'd,
And “ once,” averr'd, “ his harp could lull
“ The flutter'd spirits to repose ;”
And “ tho' now fancy-reft and dull,”
Said, “ with their pleasure, he would try,
“ If yet he could make melody.”

XLVII.

SONG.

1.

“ Rich was the grove ; and its full foliage
flowing

In verdant pride, or soft in leafy lightness;
O'er amber streams the fragrant shrubs were
blowing, [brightness !

And all around was drest in summer-
To their young tribes the parent-trees were
bending, [blending.

And kindred blooms and sister shadows

2.

The heavens grew black ! Sigh'd from its
inmost bosom

The shivering shade ; distinct the large
drops patter'd :

Then rush'd the sheeted rains—drencht
every blossom—

The branches crash'd ; the purple sprays
were shatter'd ;

The rills roll'd floods ; and darken'd and
dishevel'd revel'd !

Was all the lovely scene, where gladness

3.

But lo ! its glittering boughs the green-
wood raises ; [disclosing

Mild are the breezes ;—the blue stream
With plaintive cadence all its purling ma-
zes— [posing !

As from a trembling joy each plant re-
So sweet its breath, in every leaf was trea-
sure—

The transitory storm left lasting pleasure !”

XLVIII.

Again, not mixing with the crowd,
The venerable harper bow'd ;
Once more attracting kind esteem,
As radiated a finer beam
Than love and pleasure oft inspire,
From eyes that had not lost their fire ;
And fancy high breath'd fervid words
Along the deepening chords.

XLIX.

SONG.

I.

" It was in the days, when the sons of the
chace [sued,
Their prey, like the heroes of battle, pur-
That Reginald, first of the VALETORT race,
Arm'd with spear and with arrow, reign'd
prince of the wood.

To the blast of his bugles his steeds neigh'd
aloud ; [from the cloud !
And his staghounds were swift as the bolts
Then let us pour out to the chieftain of
yore, [the boar."
And enrich with red Velez "the feast of

2.

When array'd for the sport, ere he enter'd
the glen, [down in its lair ;
The stag sobb'd and wept and crouch'd
The wolf growl'd with fear in the depth of
her den, glare :
And the fox on her cubs cast a terrified
With a shrill shriek of pleasure sail'd slow-
ly the kite, [with delight.
And his black wing the raven flapp'd wild
Then let us pour out to the chieftain of
yore, [the boar."
And enrich with red Velez "the feast of

3.

With the fierce tiger cat whilst the bend-
ing oaks bled, [plause ;
And murmur'd, as if to his prowess, ap-
The horrent boar fell to his battle-axe dead ;
And deckt was his couch with tusks, an-
tlers and claws : [romance,
But, as proof against wounds thro' the wand
There was one griesly foe still eluded his
lance !
Then let us pour out to the chieftain of
yore, [the boar."
And enrich with red Velez "the feast of

4.

One morn, to his hounds and the shrilly-
ton'd clarion [the heath ;
And the hoofs of his horses reechoed

With the blood of one boar was besprink-
led his morion, [in death:
And another lay bristling and gasping
But the savage so dreaded, the inveterate foe
Had just glimps'd thro' the thicket and
shrunk from the blow.

Then let us pour out to the chieftain of
yore, [the boar."
And enrich with red Velez "the feast of

5.

Yet scarce had the hero breath'd twice, ere
was parted [thro' the dusk,
The dingle's deep umbrage; and rush'd,
In the foam of his rage e'en to scare the
stouthearted, [tusk;
On men, dogs and horses, that terrible

On a hunter's gor'd hams half-extinguish'd
his ire, [and expire.
And, flesh'd in a hound, bade him howl
Then let us pour out to the chieftain of
yore, [the boar."
And enrich with red Velez "the feast of

6.

Nor, ere he had broken a javelin and dirk,
Could Reginald give him to pant in the
dust :
,Twas then down his throat, to accomplish
the work, [ly thrust :
Did the Knight a keen dagger triumphant-
His broad neck relaxing, unbristled his pride,
The monster groan'd horribly, struggled and
died.
Then let us pour out to the chieftain of
yore, [the boar."
And enrich with red Velez "the feast of

8.

To blazon the deed, hath the hall yearly
 sounded ; [stream'd :
And grimly in silver the banner'd boar
And, whilst every bosom to revelry bounded,
Perch'd high on the rafters the gyrfalcon
 scream'd.

Tho' heroic the feat, yet in chivalrous fires
The sons, in each age, rose—to rival their
 sires !

Then let us pour out to the chieftain of
 yore, [the boar."
And enrich with red Velez " the feast of

L.

He paus'd ; and strait his lyric treasure
Was chang'd to a sublimer measure.

ODE.

I. 1.

“ All uncurtain’d to my sight
What years devolve in dread array ;
Baron to baron, knight to knight
With carnage blot the doubtful day.
See, where wide the battle bleeds,
Whilst down each forest smoke the barb-
ed steeds ;
And kindred lawns around, and sister-vales
Re-echoe to the clash of mails !
Ah ! where gleam’d nectar from the gilded
horn ;
Fleet at the covey where the falcon flew ;
Where the green hunter hail’d the merry
morn, [drew
And damsels to their silk-rein’d palfreys
Gay knights and squires, to wooe the beau-
teous fair; [nal war.
Cold halls and woodlands ring to fell frater-

II. 2.

Lo, where Isca rolls the wave

Darken'd by her cathedral fane,

Afar effulgent to the brave,

The unletter'd clown, the rural thane,

Courtenay lifts the mitred blaze :

Mute is the sceptred tyrant in amaze :

Old Rougement, flinging round a deep-
er gloom ,

Had bid him stoop the regal plume.

Hark, thro' the loopholes of her walls, he
hears,

Erin's disastrous strain prophetic break !

Hark, "Rougemont !" echoes in his shud-
dering ears, [ly shriek.

Shrill as thro' midnight shades the ghost-
O'er the dire presage the usurper cowers,
Then madly stamps the ground, and mocks
the ominous towers !

L. 3.

To give the avenging steel
To speed its destin'd work,
Whilst "that proud prelate" spreads his
palms on high ;
See, foe to daring York,
From thy gray woods, *Cotehele* !
Intrepid Edgcumbe bids his banners fly !
But tho', nigh fate's extremest verge,
On the despot wait dismay,
Scatter'd the red-rose squadrons wing
their way, [lous surge:
Grasp the pale shrine, or seek the peri-
High Edgcumbe hails his patriarchal shade !
The impervious copse clings round the
craggy cave
To screen with closer sprays his sacred head !
Above, their dunnest crests the broad
oaks wave.

Hah ! rustling nigh,
A ruffian's eye—
Red sparkles glance amidst the gloom !
Flash'd wide the stream—
“ Ingulph'd his frame ! ”
The baffled foe so read his doom.—
Ah, who could image mightier wonders giv'n
To future time, to mark the providence of
Heaven ?

II. I.

Tented battle waves again ;
And glimmers the last streak of day :
Pale from the camp of Bosworth-plain
The buzz, the murmur dies away:
All is lull'd in silence deep.
Ah ! tyrant ! what avails thy troubled sleep ?
The bloody spectre beckons thee to
death ! [breath !
He starts ! how short, how quick his

Again, the spectre sends forth sanguine
flame ! [corse !

Again unveil'd, he sees the sheeted
O ! he hath done a deed without a name—

“ Give me another horse !—another
horse !” [bed,

He cries, and, hurrying from his fainting
Vain fugitive ! would fly the vampire of
the dead !

II. 2.

His wrung heart while terrors haunt,

And dastards drain the rubied flask ;

No fears the soul of Tudor daunt,

Where, beaming on his steady casque,

Victory shakes her dazzling spear—

A coruscation from the morning-star !

And “ lo !” (she cries) “ amidst my Corn
wall's sons

“ Its kindling course where glory runs,

“ My Edgcumbe, first in patriot worth shall
wrench

“ (As on a heap of corpses all unknown
“ Limbs cold in blood his welling lifesprings
drench) [crown!”

“ From the usurper’s brows his biting
She said ; and rising o’er the embattled
kings, [crimson wings !
The shrilly trumpet blew, and wav’d her

II. 3.

Disfeatur’d, smear’d with gore,

In dust the despot lies ! [oil,
No hand to shrieve, or pour the hallow’d
Or soothe his agonies!

The war-dogs that explore [smile !
The field, run howling from his hideous
I see his minions in mid flight

Far from where the battle bled :
Crusht from the pond’rous axe, unhelmeted,

Westward I trace an ill-adventurous Knight.
Far o'er his pastures, far as eye can reach,
Far o'er the wildwoods of his native lands,
He hails a mournful verdure—down the
beach
A dreary glimmering from the silver sands.
His wild woods stream
A shadowy gleam,
Trembling as they for ever part
With pale adieu
From his dim view,
No more to cheer his exil'd heart.
Hark ! at his heels pursuit and terror rave !
Down the high cliff he leaps, and woos a
foreign grave !

III. 1.

Beams on throned Tudor's head
A brighter blaze of orient day:
The darker, wilder passions dread
Disperse before his sovereign sway !—

Proud oppression, vassal fears,
 Monastic shades, and superstitious tears !
 Whilst o'er the nations, o'er the halcy-
 on seas,
 Sweet as the breath of musky breeze
 His Edgcumbe wafts the courtesies of life ;
 Amid the mountains of the plaided north
 Still strenuous to compose ignoble strife,
 And, spreading far the fame of Henry's
 worth,
 Where thro' Ierne strode the fierce Kildare,
 Trample barbaric scorn, and quench the
 brands of war.

III. 2.

Yes ! where Romish zeal, combin'd
 With savage ignorance urg'd the crew,
 His was the inflexibly-firm mind,
 The headstrong million to subdue.

Where, round Develyn's circling tide,
The tall spires glitter in theatric pride,
The rebel Earl flung off his pilgrim weeds,
Haughty amid his prancing steeds !
Lo, where o'ercanopied in state superb,
Prelates and peers their favourite Edg-
cumbe fence,
With stern reluctance to the regal curb,
The Earl still ruminates his proud pretence :
Yet Edgcumbe, hailing as to peace restor'd,
Beckons to pardon's seal the half-repent-
ant lord.

III. 3.

Such was the gallant sire
Who cross'd the stormy deep
Full oft, to vindicate his Albion's fame.
And o'er his last calm sleep
The Breton's grateful choir

Rais'd from harmonious keys, the loud ac-
claim !

And he, the generous and the good,

He, whom virtue lov'd to praise,

The glory of capricious Henry's days,
Blazon'd with new renown illustrious blood !

But, where my harp would sound a loftier
lay, [voice !"]

The strain must sink into "a still small
Fain would I utter, but I cannot say,

The deeds of him, in whom the just re-
joice !

And lo ! the veil

That shrouded pale

The splendour of the coming years !—

Where Earls unfold

Their scutcheon'd gold,

The shadowy curtain disappears :

Stay radiant forms !—O spare my aged
sight— [light !"]

Honour and candid truth, and mild Religion's

LL

All as he ceas'd, from his features beam'd
Inspiration ! And it seem'd
Where the lamp's reflexion ray'd,
The flashing of ethereal fires
That lambent o'er his frail harp play'd,
And quiver'd on the wires ;
As if the prowess from above,
(Whence came that supernatural aid)
Parting in glory, had at length
Consign'd to rest his human strength ;
Nor his own vigour strove
Exhausted, to recover more
The grandeur of prophetic lore !
Faint—an adieu in vain he tried
To speak, yet look'd self-satisfied.
He had fulfill'd his every task !—
Sir RICHARD, seizing the rich flask,
Bade him draw near the banquet-board—

The dancing-juice the old man quaff'd :
And still he drank a deeper draught,
To cordial glee restor'd.
But not the sparkling spicy wine,
Not all the blood of every vine
His bosom could so cheer,
As his good Lady's grateful tear,
That glisten'd in her eye !
Nor did he hold his harp so dear,
As from fair ISABEL a sigh
That, as a boon from heaven, did part
And sink into his cherisht heart.
Happy old man ! from slow decay
Thy sinews only weak ;
From gradual time thy tresses gray ;
But still upon thy cheek,
The trace of vigorous health that glows
In many a ruddy streak—
Calm, thou art dropping calm away
Into thy long repose !

Full-blown, 'tis thus the tulip pale
Without the breathing of a gale,
Its feeble leaves sheds, one by one :
Yet freakt are they with wonted red ;
Nor can our eye the change perceive,
As in the silent summer-eve
They fall upon their quiet bed,
Till all, at last, are gone !

LII.

Faultering at first, a simpler song
Flow'd from amidst the distant throng—
A gentle voice—'twas wild and sweet—
Such notes as sylvan nature greet.
Perhaps 'twas JESSE's !—She could hide
(As in the hawthorn undescried,
Nestles the warbling woodland thrush)
All in the crowd her bashful bush.

LUL

SONG.

1.

“ And if the men so valourous were,
So kind and courteous too,
How good and virtuous all the Fair,
How bright in beauty's hue !

2.

But none so lovely ever shone,
So pure in virgin fame,
Rivals in beauty sure were none
To her I must not name.

3.

Rais'd to gay joy from deep distress,
To life from deadly gloom—
To herald so much happiness
Can any tongue presume ?

4.

O ! the ear-lechery of her lute,
In sooth, it was so sweet,
Adorers stood, in rapture mute,
Or trembled at her feet !

5.

The witchery of her angel-smile
Indeed, had such a power,
Tho' vain their vows, yet all the while
It was a golden hour.

6.

Yes ! many a one—his wounded heart
From the sly archer's bow,
Shew'd by its panting the sweet dart
He kiss'd for wounding so !

7.

Till a poor minstrel made, at last,
(Full busy with her charms)

A girdle for her virgin waist—
It was—his clasping arms !

8.

The minstrel-boy a wanderer was ;
But, now his race is run,
May all his days at distance pass
From abbess, priest or nun !”

LIV.

It ceas'd. And in that artless strain
Which echo long'd to chaunt again,
There was a sportive levity,
A vein, perchance, too quaint and free !
But Christmas always could excuse
The licence of a merrier muse.
Whose it might be, we could not say ;
But, where the last tones sank away
A sailor's happy smile was seen !
And quips and cranks went off, I ween,

At buttery hatch, and hall hard by ;
And nut-brown ale foam'd rich and high ,
Whilst many a mighty cask had vent ;
And all was as the merriment
Of wassal revelry !

LV.

Nor languish'd the convivial board
With lordly cates luxurious stor'd—
The boarshead, prime of all the feast,
That every Christmas duly grac'd ;
(Tho' *Cotehele's* dun woods no more
To hunter-spear let loose the boar)
And (pierc'd where fleet the sportsmen ran
On Sarum's downs) the bustard lorn ;
The cygnet, with due caution torn
'Midst Tavy's sedges, from its swan ;
And, from the North, the ptarmigan ;
The capon, peacock and the crane ;
Nor did the venison smoke in vain—

Nor the brawn immense, nor towering high
The capacious crested pye
Idly met the curious eye ;—
Whilst in large cups the rhenish gleam'd;
And muscadel flow'd rich and free,
And broach'd were pipes of malvoisie,
And sherris-sack nectareous stream'd.

LVI.

Yet, while their presence grac'd the board—
The pair, to genial life restor'd ;
Nor dainty cate, nor viny juice
Could from reflexion's pensiveness—
From such delights, perchance, as bless
Heaven's angel choir—the guests seduce.
Sweet was the look, the languid air,
The delicate attraction, there—
A pleasure soften'd and subdued ;
The chasten'd smile of gratitude ;
The light involuntary sigh ;
The generous flush of cordial joy ;—

And O ! that stealing blush, to illumine
The little Love's celestial plume ;
That conscious blush, which seem'd to tell
It fann'd the coffin-lid so well ;
And those mild eyes which more express'd
E'en than the moral on her breast :

*FEAR NOT : FROM GLOOM AGAIN WE RISE :
LOVE LIGHTS THE WAY TO BALMIER SKIES.*

Conclusion to Canto sixth.

1.

Yet, tho' the castle gateway sounds no more
With hideous crash its huge portcullis
prongs ;

And they, the vassal multitude of yore,
Wail not, in servile strain, transmitted
wrongs, [longs,

But, marking what from man to man be-
Their proud prerogative not vainly urge ;

Yet, tho no terrors, paralyzing throngs,
From ruin'd abbeys may again emerge ;—
Still o'er innumerable minds the papist shakes
his scourge.

2.

See him with fawning art mysterious slide
Thro' all the chieftain's dome. Behold
his smiles,
How courteous, as he soothes baronial pride!
To false Cecilia trace his slippery wiles,
Oft as the dark confession-chair beguiles
Her soul, too conscious of the stain of vice;
Whilst gold or gems reward his right-
eous toils ;
And absolutions to new guilt entice ;
And wealth has choice of sins, and every
sin, its price !

3.

Tho' now no more, ere yet we reach the
porch,
Our walls display a saint in every nich,

Nor Virgin from her shrine the holier church
Illumine, in ethereal drapery rich;
See, see the Romanist, still smooth in
speech,

Ierne's sons to rebel arms incite !

O spurn the sly petitions that beseech—
Nor heed the felon war-troop with affright :
Escap'd from death's own realm—fly, fly
a second night !

4.

What tho' a toy, be that tiara, giv'n
To the frail Pontiff, who, no longer great,
Grasps, feebly grasps the shadowy keys of
Heaven ;
Yet ~~shall~~ in dread array a host await
The phantom that a despot's frowns
~~create~~ !
And sabres, darts and horrors not its own,

To the pale nations still denouncing fate,
Shall issue from behind the iron crown,
And compass with new force the hierar-
chal throne.

5.

But lo! where that awaken'd lion streams
To the red cross its banner'd glories wide;
The dungeon's sombrous lamp expiring
gleams [dyed;
O'er the dim rack with scaly life-blood
And the wan Priest that earthly power defied,
Abash'd from candid reason skulks away!—
And shall imperial Britain bless the stride
Of those, whose secret pestilential sway
Was as the deadly spirit, “that walketh
at noonday?”

6.

No! Heaven forefend!—In oft repeated
peals [afar—
Wing'd from Arlanzon's sun-clad hills

In joyous echoes from Zamora's vales,
From Zaragosa whilst, triumphant war!
Thy acclamations meet the British ear;—
At such an hour shall sacerdotal craft
Creep in, to bid the soul of union jar;
And every gale suspicion's poison waft
Thro' all our generous combes, where
love and freedom laugh'd?

7.

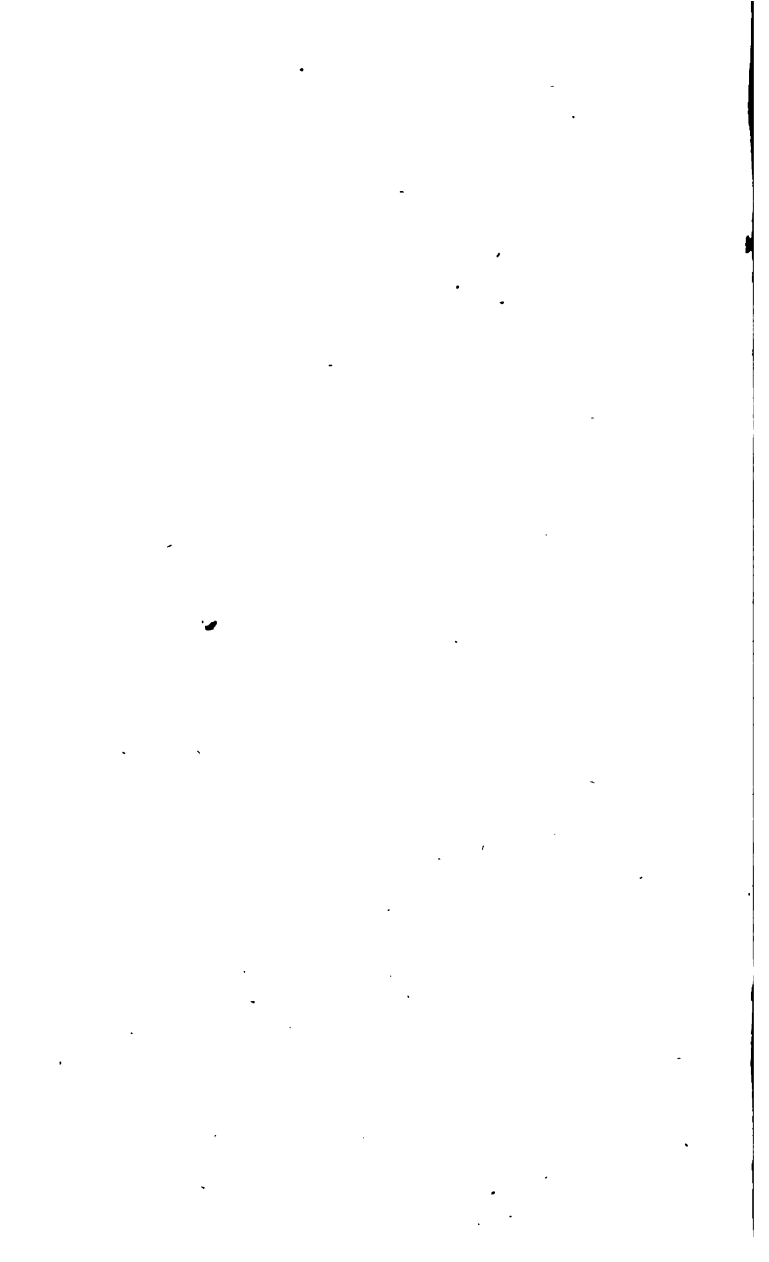
No! Where the hero wound his stately
march, [delight,
Have we survey'd, O Peacet with fond
Once more thy myrtles, and the laurel-arch,
And orange-grove in thy sweet lustre
bright;
And, rural dances stealing on the sight,
(Whilst rack no more spreads terroure and
regret)
From Ildefonso's to the Alhambra's height,

Woody, where cork-sprays the chesnut-
umbrage met,
The tinkling soft guitar, the merry castanet!

8.

And shall not Albion, all at leisure laid
Where yellow plenty pours her lavish horn,
Beneath the huge oak's far embowering shade,
Tyrants but ill affecting freedom, scorn?
Say, shall *they* cherish treachery as the
morn
Liberal—who give to the utmost bounds of
earth [born?
Honour, and truth and faith of virtue
No!—while Cornubia greets his ducal
birth, [guardian worth!
Confiding Britons hail their PRINCE's

END OF CANTO SIXTH.



TO

WALTER SCOTT, Esq.



YES ! I have oft my ditties sung,
When hope was gay, and fancy young ;
At peep of morn attun'd my note
To meet the blackbird's early throat,
And warbled where to evening gray
The redbreast pour'd her plaintive lay.

Sweet, o'er the dew, the stealing breeze,
Amidst my trembling infant trees—
My sycamores that soft display'd
(The first of all the varied shade)
Light-purpling sprays and buds between,
So large a leaf, so bright a green ;
That, yet a boy, with wild delight
I tear'd, along their southern scite ;—
As Mira to my labours there
Would lend a sister's fondest care.
Her pretty flowers that learn'd to breathe
Adown the gentle slope beneath,
And open'd to the summer-sun,
A brother's mutual tendance won.
And we had melody at will
For every jasmine and jonquil !
And we had music—such a store—
We sung to every sycamore !
Sweet too, was our sequester'd dell :
It had a grotto and a well,

Fair willows, and a waterfall ;
An ancient beech that shelter'd all.
We cried, with pensive pleasure, oft :
“ Our grotto-light, how shadowy-soft !
“ Mild as the summer's evening hour ! ”
Nor toil could ask a cooler bower.
Clear was our well, and running o'er ;
And polisht was its pebbled floor :
To noon's bright beams that pierc'd the
 shade,
Its crisped waters sparkling play'd.
Ah, so doth innocence impart
Pure radiance to the untroubled heart !
Nor less, as headlong down the rock
On the beech-roots the torrent broke,
To its broad foam to lure the sight,
It wash'd the spreading fibres white.
Yet, tho' it pleas'd, yet all the while,
(Such is the world's deceitful smile)

Our aged friend it undermin'd :

Attractive thus is treachery kind!—

Happy, indeed, were childhood's years,

Ere yet my solitary tears

Staining the crystal of my well,

Drop after drop in silence fell!

(So falls the sad autumnal leaf)

To speak, dear Shade ! a brother's grief !

Then the lone muse would fain inspire,

Alas ! my little trembling lyre!

Yet soon, to yon responsive stream

My whispers told Eliza's name.

On its green banks the lover stray'd,

And thither woo'd his charming maid,

There, o'er the bloom of young desire

Hath kindled oft my amorous fire,

Whilst to her dear delicious eyes

That heaving bosom blush'd in sighs !

Then every twinkling leaf above

Seem'd conscious to the breath of love.

The winding pathway's easy flow
Wav'd in a gentler curve below ;
Each flower assum'd a soften'd hue,
And clos'd its cup in brighter dew.
Then, as I own'd luxurious stings,
I seiz'd, and swept the glowing strings !
Then passion eloquently pour'd
The soul of love thro' every chord !
But, it was mine erelong to roam,
A listless exile, far from home,—
Far from these walls that mark my birth,
To rear my unambitious hearth,
Where Isca widening seeks the main,
Amidst the titled proud and vain.
'Twas there on topographic lore
Some evil genius bade me pore ;
By day alert with keen research
Hunt out a ruin, hail a church ;
Explore, tho' faint from wan disease,
By the pale lamp long pedigrees ;

The look of cold indifference rue,
Yet still the thankless toil pursue,
And brave the insidious critic's blame,
Unrecompens'd by gold or fame.

Vain years avaunt ! The favouring muse
Gilds life's decline with softer hues.
Again that woodland of the child
Tho' now a thicket dark and wild,
Where spread my statelier sycamores,
Its spirit to my soul restores :
And thro' the ivied shade I break,
And listen to the hawk's shrill shriek,
Flush from her nook the barn-owl gray,
And chase, how pert, the painted jay.
Yet, as I trace these scenes again,
I feel alternate joy and pain ;
And e'en tho' years have sped their flight,
I languish for my grotto-light :
I languish for my water-fall,
And my old beech that shadow'd all.

Ah ! well-a-day ! alike for me,
Are fled the torrent and the tree !
The rushing flood hath ceas'd to roar ;
My old beech-roots are blanch'd no more ;
The green brook on its sedges sleeps ;
With fox-gloves shagg'd the grotto weeps ;
And one poor willow seems to join
In widow'd grief its sighs with mine !

And thou, lorn stream ! Again I stray
Along thy wild and devious way .
Delightful stream ! whose murmurs clear
Meet, once again, my pensive ear ;
That wanderest down thine osier'd vale
Where passion breath'd her melting tale ;
Thy evening-banks to memory sweet
I tread, once more, with pilgrim-feet !

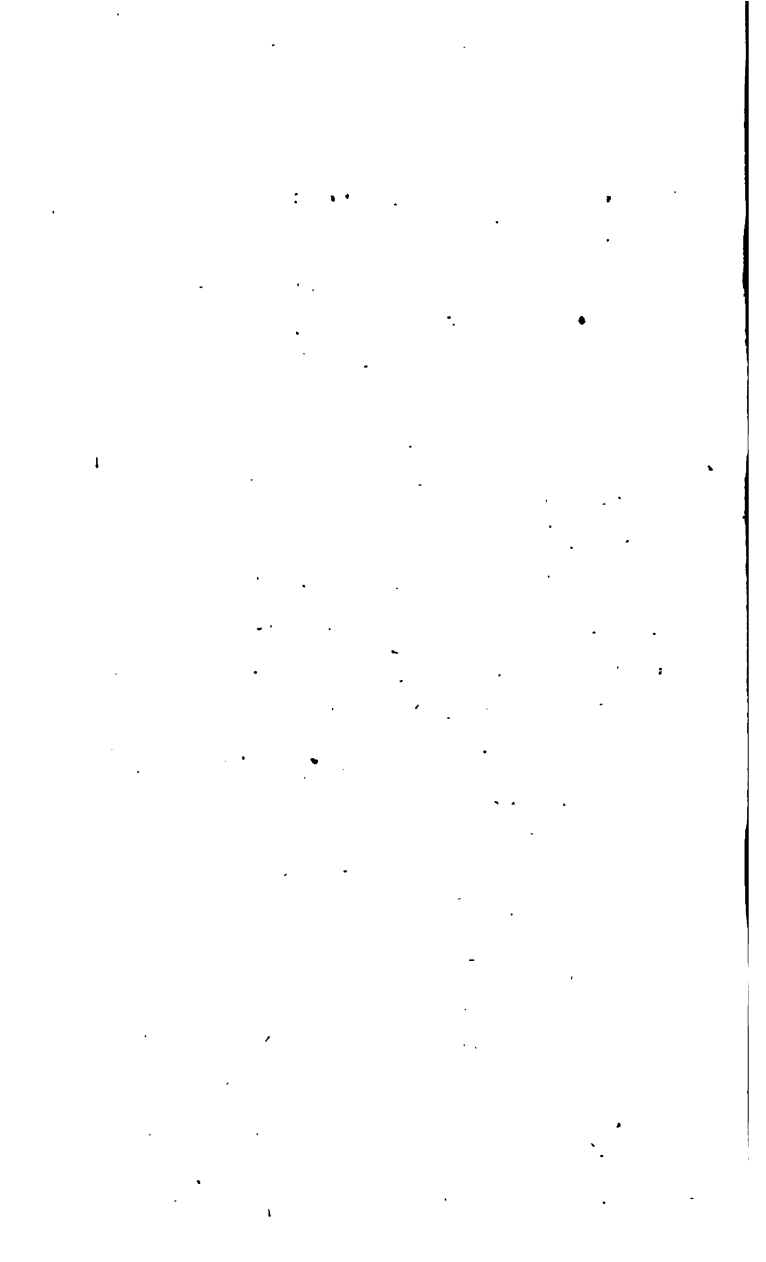
Tho' not the same these views appear,
As when I rov'd a lover here ;
Yet with no languid glance I see
This winding-path, that aspin-tree,

And eager catch, at every pace,
Of former joys some fading trace,
Some features of the past that seem
The illusion of too fond a dream.

Such are the dear domestic views
That yet attract my simple muse.
Nor do I mourn the cold regard
Of sordid minds that slight the bard ;
As here, tho' care or sorrow lour,
I steal from gloom a golden hour ;
As, no mean intermeddler nigh,
My boyish steps I still descry ;
Still, midst my budding lilacs pale,
The first sweet vernal promise hail ;
Still, if young May breathe life and bloom,
Survey some faery power illumine
The orient hills with richer light ;
Still see, with fluid radiance bright,
Some faery power the pencil hold
To paint the evening cloud with gold ;

Still, where amid the horizon dim
The scatter'd elms distinctly gleam,
And fade from darkening crest to crest
The last cool tints that streak the west,
Still heave, tho' others wonder why,
And cherish an enamour'd sigh !
And if, in sooth, one wish aspires
Beyond these satisfied desires,
'Tis that my song, tho' unrefin'd,
May not displease some kindred mind ;
That I may boast, tho' distance part
Our cordial looks, one generous heart,
And hold, tho' o'er the grave I bend,
That heart my meed—and SCOTT, my
friend !

THE END.



NOTES.

PAGE 6.

(While, high Boscawen !—more rich and deep

*Thy greenwoods swell their breezy sweep,
And flankt with more than former pride,
New turrets shadow Vala's tide :)*

The pleasure grounds of Tregothnan, (the seat of Lord Viscount Falmouth,) beautiful from their natural situation, have lately been much improved by art: and the mansion-house is now rebuilding.

P. 7.

*(And well, I ween, one festive bard
Paid to these rites his fond regard ;
Still bidding jokes and gibes avail
To season many a Christmas tale !)*

“The festive bard” was John Polwhele, of Polwhele and Treworgan Esq. who was member for Tregoney in Cornwall (together with Sir Richard Vyvyan of Treloarwarren, kt) at the latter end of the reign of Charles I — Vyvyan and Polwhele were succeeded in the

representation of that borough by persons of "of no loyal fame"—Thomas Trevor kt. and bart. and John Carew Esq.—See Br. Willis's Not. Parl II. 116,

Between "the festive bard"—(the gr. gr. grandfather of the Author) and the Edgcumbe family, there subsisted the most cordial friendship; as appears from their correspondence, and from a MS volume of John Polwhele's poems now in the Author's possession. These poems consist chiefly of translations from Boethius and Horace. The original pieces are for the most part address to the Bonythons the Prideauxs, the Grenvilles, the Edgcumbes: and the Baskervilles of Dorset (and of Hereford) into whose family the Poet married.

P. 30.

*(And the rush of the troop in war's attire,
That close around her valourous sire)*

"Her valourous sire" was Sir Richard Edgcumbe kt. on whose expedition into the west, at the command of queen Mary, and the incidents arising from this event, is founded the story of "the Fair Isabel."

"There was a knight, [Trevanion] dwelling in the same shire, with whom, for divers causes, in King Edward's days, he had sundry quarrels; which as at first they bred inward mislikings between them, so at last they brake forth into open hatred. This

Knight, in the troublesome change of Queen Mary's reign, partly for *religion*, and partly for other causes, was clapp'd into prison: and though the matters discovered against him were heinous, and his enemies (at that time bearing great sway) very grievous, yet he obtained so much favor, as to be tried by certificate, from the gentlemen of the chiefest authority in his county for his behaviour therein: according to whose report to the council, he was to be either delivered, or more straightly to be dealt with. This granted, he conceived very good hope of every other's friendly advertisement, and feared only the hard favor of our Sir Richard, who he doubted would use the sword of revenge (then put into his hands) to his enemies' destruction. It happened that upon return of their answer he was delivered; and being at liberty, to the end he might know how his countrymen's minds were affected towards him, he by means, procured a copy of all these advertisive letters, in perusing of which he found that such as bore him fairest countenance, wrote most against him; and that Sir Richard Edgcumbe's certificate made most for him; so as, in all likelihood, his greatest enemy in show, was the chiefest cause of his deliverance indeed.—I would stay here in praise of this noble mind, who shewed his valour in conquering his own

affections ; his virtue in abstaining from revenge, being offered ; and his christianity in doing good for evil ; but that I am carried forth with no less wonder at this Knight's thankfulness ; who pretending as though he wist not of this courtesy, to the outward shew, continued his wonted enmity until the Christmas after. At which time, on a night, word was brought to Mount Edgcumbe, that a company of armed men were lately landed from Plymouth, marching up to the house. Sir Richard, having heard before, that this Knight was in that town, and mistrusting, he had picked out this time to come and set upon him unawares, resolved to shew himself neither discourteous to them he knew not, through fear ; nor yet to lie open to his enemies, if they pretended any such practice, through heedlessness: he therefore caused his gates to be set wide open, and placed his servants on both sides the gate and hall, where they must pass, with swords and bucklers : but they coming in, turned this doubt into pastime, for their armour and weapons were only painted paper, as by nearer approaching was perceived, and instead of trying their blows, in fighting with men, they fell to make proof of the ladies' skill in dancing.—These pastimes at last being ended, they were led into another room to be banqueted, where this Knight taking

off his vizard, and disclosing himself to Sir Richard Edgcumbe, uttered, That having known the great courtesy shewn him in his trouble, besides his looking, and contrary to his deserving, he was come thither to yield him his most due thanks for the same, assuring him that he would thenceforth, rest as faithful a friend, as ever before he had shewn himself a professed enemy. In witness of which his true meaning, and to strengthen the friendship newly begun, in good-will, with a fast knot of alliance, he there presented him a young gentleman his nephew, a ward and the heir of his house (who being of fair possessions, came amongst the other company masked in a nymph's attire) to match with one of his daughters, which marriage afterwards came to pass." See Modern Hist. of Cornwall, Vol. I. p. 69.

P. 33

*(" Adieu (she cried) dear saint adieu!"
And to her favourite Oriel flew.)*

In some castles, the oratory was lighted by a window embowed within side, and called an Oriel. Lydgate describing a lady, says :

" In her Oryall there she was,

" Closyd well with royall glas."

P. 39.

*(And did you hear, when, yester-night,
Lady Alice was buried by BLOODY torch-
light,*

The hymn that clos'd the funeral rite?

This may appear too bold an epithet. But Isabel was deliriously feverish, from watching and grief. And to a "fever'd vision," the colour of a taper or torchlight is red as blood.

Ps. 43, 44.

*(—that meekness on her face
Which after death yet left its trace
As in a sleepy lustre weak,
But fix'd in her undying cheek ?)*

Νυν δὲ μοι εἰσὶν καὶ πρόσφατος ἐν μεγάροισι
Κύσσαι τῷ κίλῳ, οὐ τ' ἀγγυροτόξος Ἀπόλλων
Ὅς ἀγῶνις βέλαισιν ἐπὶ χρομῶς κατεπέφθη."

Yet thou glow'st fresh with every living
grace,

No mark of pain, nor violence of face ;
Rosy and fair ! as Phoebus' silver bow
Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below.—

Iliad, XXIV.

In this description of Hector, Homer seems to have had in view, that expression of the features, a short time after apparent death, which indicates (as some have thought) the presence of the soul not yet departed from.

the body. In the case of drowned persons, restored to the functions of life, it is impossible that the soul can have departed from the body : this is with strict propriety termed, “suspended animation.”

P. 50.

(*E'en in their shouts the Rhodiagn boys,
Meek tho' her unobtrusive mind,
Could little Isabel have join'd,
And mix'd in all their vernal joys;
Hailing, herald of the spring,
The first dear swallow's airy wing.*)

The Greeks held the swallow in great veneration. And they welcom'd this bird, as the harbinger of spring, with processions and songs—particularly in the island of Rhodes.

“Χηλιδονκται, pueri nempe, qui apud Rhodios circumeuntes stipem hirundini colligebant :

Hesych. χηλιδονκται, οι τη χηλιδονι αγειροντες : quem rem optime explicat Athenæus, L. 8.

“Και (inquit) χηλιδονζειν δε καλειται παρα Ροδιοις αγειρμος τις αλλος περι ου Θιογνις φησι εν διυτερη περι των εν Ροδω θυσιων γραφωι. Ειδος δε του αγειρειν

χηλιδονζειν οι Ροδιοι καλουσιν ο γινεται τω βοηδρουμωι μηι χηλιδονζειν δε λεγεται, δια το ειωθος επιφωνεισθαι,

Ηλδ', ηλθε χηλιδων, καλας

Ωρας αγυσα, &c.

quos versus pueri inter circumeundum cantabant.”—

G. Cuper. Obs. L. iii. C. 4. p. 275. Trajecti ad Rhenum, 1670.

P. 84.

*(Her great grandsire had nigh this spot
Eluding his pursuers shot,
Dash'd to their seeming in the wave.)*

See Modern Hist. of Cornwall, Vol. I. p. 48.

P. 97.

*(Her ORPINE on the yew she hung,
And look'd with a fearful eye :
But chain'd in silence was her tongue,
And pent in her bosom the sigh.)*

Orpine, or rose-wort—*telephium roseum*—
vulg. Midsummer-men.

P. 115

*(On the white cliffs o'er Caerhayes,
I saw the hostile beacon blaze,
And flickering in the ghastly glare
The banner'd scallops wave in air.)*

The Trevañion arms are "Or. fesse b.
charged with three Escalops O. between two
chevrons G."

P, 118.

*(But again in gloom, thro' the yawning wall
A sparkle I met from a FIERY EYE.)*

That the late Mr. Arscot of Tetcot,
should have been a commentator on Pindar,
few will be induced to believe. Yet, in one

instance, this was certainly a fact. Mr. Tasker, "of Pindaric memory," talking of Pindar's epithet *αἰματός*, as applied to the fox, was persuaded by Mr. Arscot, to render it FIRE-EYED. And I conceive that Mr. Arscot was right. Few understood the natural history of the fox, better than this gentleman — But, in a comment on another passage in Pindar, with Tasker, I cannot say I was equally successful. I advised him to translate that fine expression *χαλαζὸν αἵματος*, "the hailstorm of blood." But he thought this almost literal translation too bold, and lost the sublimity of the original, in a periphrasis still more obscure.

P. 122.

*(Aloft by ermin'd herald rais'd
The bristling boars in argent blaz'd.)*

The Edgcumbe arms, "Three boars' heads couped arg." This reminds us of the helmet of Ulysses.

"——— *λευκοὶ ὀδόντες*

"——— *υῖος.*

Iliad, X.

"A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er
his head."

Pope.

P. 135.

*(Beneath that dome, whose lightness
seems*

Suspended on the solar beams)

Such is the lightness of the dome (says

Procopius) that it appears to be suspended by a chain from Heaven.—Modern travelers see the dome of St. Sophia with very different eyes. Dalloway inclines to Procopius. Clarke, much the reverse.—

P. 135.

*(Assur'd that many a MINAREH
Shall soon send forth effulgent streams,
The dervise e'en of Mevleveh
May mingle moans with Fakir's dreams)*

The Minarehs illuminated by lamps in Rammezan.—The dervises of Mevleveh were of the most rigid order.

P. 136.

*(Nor where the Greek with saintly mien
Rustles behind the pictur'd screen.)*

In the Greek churches, pictures are attached to the screens, instead of idols, called iconostas.

P. 144.

*(And, if a trophied Molesworth urg'd the
fight,
Or, if a Fulford rescued lady bright)*

See Modern Hist. of Cornwall for notices of Molesworth and Fulford, as heroes of the Crusades, Vol. I. p. 20.

Pp. 179, 180.

*(I have heard, at evening-fall,
Quaintly tun'd, the gay miskal.)*

The miskal, or pipe—the santoor, or psaltery—the zāambooria, or bagpipe.

P. 180.

*(Young May o'er the purple grove
Sprinkling odourous life and love)*

Of the Greek dances in honour of Flora on the first of May, and of the Greek hymn to May so full of sweet expression :

Καλῶν εἰθεῖν ἡ Μαῖα ! ἡ Μαῖα !

We have still the shadow and the echo in the Furry of Helston, or of *Ελλάς*, as it was called in the days of paganism. See *Voyage Litteraire de Grece*, T. i. p. 200—and see *Ancient Hist. of Cornwall*, Vol. I Pp. 44, 45, 46.

P. 193.

*(The swelling notes of organ grand,
SANCEBELL and sanctuary were still.)*

The Sancebell, or sacring-bell, announcing the elevation of the host.

P. 195.

*(———How light the breeze
In whispers kiss'd the DEEP-BLUE seas.)*

" Thro' a bold opening of the mountains
gleam'd

The DEEPEN'D azure of the Egean wave."

p. 8.

" The BLUE sea with clustering isles embost."

p. 56.

See Grecian Prospects, a Poem. 1799.

P. 196.

*(Brilliant and vivid were the dyes
Across the lovely western skies.)*

That the modern Greeks are sufficiently sensible of their "perpetually laughing" skies, is evident from their famous memorial presented to the Empress of Russia in 1790.

"Ο Ουρανός ο αιωνίως γέλων."—See Eton's Turkish Empire, 8vo. p. 358.

P. 198.

(Yes (cried the Greek) Mohammed's bird,

The vulture, so called by the Turks &c.

P. 205.

*(I cannot live from dawn to dusk,
On locks of gold, or curls of musk)*

The Persian Ferdusi, in his Shah Namah, describes the Turkish girls with "bodies taper as the cypress"—"locks black as musk"—"cheeks full of roses"—"lips sweet as wine, and fragrant as rosewater."—See Jones's Hist. of the Persian language.

Such resemblances, indeed, are frequent in the poets of ancient Greece ; particularly in Theocritus. In the epithalamium of Helen, we have these lines :

“—As the cypress in the garden, fair,
Or the tall steed that draws Thessalia’s car,
Or, as the rising of the purple-morn,
When far, far off, the wintry clouds are
borne—

E’en as the morn, when spring’s soft zephyr
blows, [glows.”

With roseate charms the golden Helen
See THEOCRITUS, BION, MOSCHUS, and
TYRTÆUS, translated into English verse—
with dissertations &c. &c. in 2 Vols. 8vo
Vol. I. p. 142.

In the dissertations, this epithalamium is again translated in imitation of the Song of Solomon: “ She looked forth like the eye-lids of the morning, when the rainy night is past, and the winter is over and gone. She rose, like a furrow in the field ; or a cypress in the garden ; or the horse in the chariot of Sicily.” Vol. II. p. 37.

P. 206.

*(Tho’ sated pleasure still may sip
The dewdrops tincturing Zoe’s lip,
Some richer, sweeter balm I ask
Than kisses RICH AS CHIO’S FLASK.)*

For the exquisite flavour of the Chian wine,
See Pliny's Nat. Hist. L. XIV. C. 14.

Its fine fragrance was also celebrated :

"Surgit odor violam redolens, suavesque
hyacinthos—

Tota volat divinus odor per tecta."—

Hermip p. vers. ab Athenæo citat. latine red-
diti.

P. 207.

*(Yet song averts the venom'd bite,
Where India rues her serpent fang,
Darting oft a deadly pang.
Charm'd by the flageolet or flute,
The spotted Cobra's rage is fled.)*

See Forbes's Oriental Memoirs, Vol. L.
p. 211.

P. 255.

*(With Mawd in her arms from the precipice
sprang.)*

In Sir John Carr's Travels in Scotland,
there occurs the following passage.

"When the Macleans of Loch-Buy possessed in sovereignty the south side of the island of Mull, the chace afforded them both recreation and food. On a day, when a great hunt was to be given by the chief of the clan, he ordered one of his attendants, named Gore or Godfrey, to stand at a certain pass, and not to permit a stag to escape in that di-

rection on peril of losing his life. In the chase some deer forced their way by him notwithstanding every precaution, and the haughty and enraged chief, instead of putting him to death, convened his clan and ignominiously chastised him on the summit of a peak : pierced to the heart by a sense of his disgrace, the oppressed Highlander, immediately afterwards, seized the child of the chief from the arms of its nurse, who was standing amongst the clan, and leaped from the peak, with the infant in his grasp, with whom he alighted in safety upon a rock below. The distracted father looked down with terror upon his child, and implored the Highlander to restore it, offering him forgiveness, rewards, and honours for his compliance. Gore declared, that he would not make up his mind until the chief had endured the same disgraceful chastisement which had been inflicted upon him. The chief submitted, and was scourged within his view, and then again implored to have his child; upon which Gore, with a ghastly grin and a shout of exultation, precipitated himself, with the infant, from the rock whereon he stood to a dreadful depth below, and both were instantly destroyed."

This historical event justifies the fiction which concludes the Canto before us.

P. 276.

*(With admiration look'd around;
On Knights and ladies, old CHAMOND)*

For some anecdotes of this gentleman, see Modern Hist. of Cornwall, Vol. X. [on the Population &c.] p. 36.

P. 277.

(Perchance, that hoary-sculptur'd rhyme)

Under the picture of Henry V. which stood formerly over the great gate at Launceston, were these lines:

"He that will do ought for mee,
Let him love well Sir John Tirlawnie."

The Trelawney-family papers.

P. 277.

*(And he, whose sire from Lisboa's shore
'Midst blazing galleys dash'd the Moor.)*

I here allude to the crest of Polwhele,—*A Moor's head with an olive-branch in its mouth.* See Modern Hist. of Cornwall, Vol. I. Pp. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17.

The gentleman here characterized was John Polwhele [Johannes Polwheile de Polwheile, arm. *Visit.*] the great grandfather of the John Polwhele already mentioned as Member for Tregoney. He was the representative in Parliament of his native county of Cornwall, 4 and 5 Phil. and Mary.

His colleague was John Arundel of Lanherne Esq. [Br. Willis's Not. Parl. Vol. II, p. 12.

Of this person, I possess an admirable portrait—We are struck by his fine features—or rather, by the pensive expression of his countenance—delineated, without doubt, by the hand of a master.—Dr. Wolcot used to consider it, as a first rate painting. And young Opie (when under the Doctor's tuition, if I may so say, at Truro) would, I believe, have gazed at it for hours. Whilst engaged in drawing the Author's picture, he was sometimes diverted from his task by that interesting portrait.

P. 279.

*(Where was whelm'a, one mighty wreck,
With its hundred towers the Lionesse.)*

For a full account of the submersion of the land between Sylleh and Cornwall, see Supplement to Ancient Hist. of Cornwall, Vol. III. Pp. 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24.

P. 287.

(And rais'd her from her coffin cold)

We have an astonishing instance of reviviscence in one of the Edgcumbe family ; I believe the mother of Sir Richard Edgcumbe in 1748, The family were then residing at Cotehele. Lady Edgcumbe had expired, in

consequence of what disorder I am not informed. Her body was deposited in the family vault, not probably in less than a week after her supposed death. The interment, however, had not long taken place, before the sexton, from a motive sufficiently obvious, went down into the vault; and observing a gold ring on her ladyship's finger, attempted to draw it off, but not succeeding, pressed the finger, when the body very sensibly moved in the coffin. The man ran off in terror, leaving his lanthorn behind. Her ladyship arose, and taking the lanthorn proceeded to the mansion-house. It was about five years after, that, of her, Sir Richard was born. Of the authenticity of this account, there can be no reasonable doubt. A few years ago, a gentleman of my acquaintance heard all the particulars of the transaction, from the late Lord Graves, at Thancks, which is in the neighbourhood of Cotehele. But I need not appeal to Lord Graves's authority; as I recollect the narrative as coming from the lips of my grandmother Polwhele; who used to render the story extremely interesting from a variety of minute circumstances, and who from the connexion and intimacy of her own with the Edgumbe family was unquestionably well informed on the subject. See *Modern Hist. of Cornwall* vol. x. p. 112.

P. 323.

(Down the high cliff he leaps, and woos a foreign grave.)

See Modern Hist. of Cornwall, Vol. I. p. 48. from *Tonkin's MSS.*

P. 324,

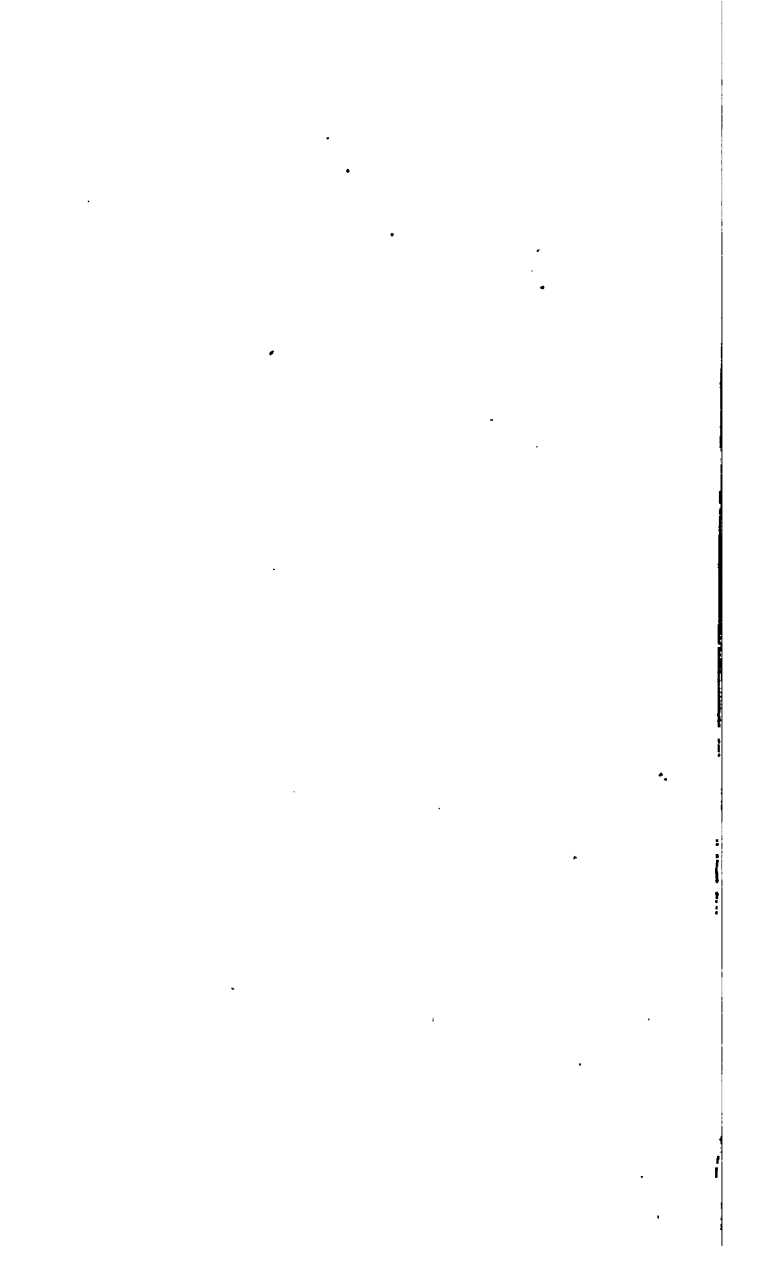
(His Edgcumbe wafts the courtesies of life,)

Of Sir Richard Edgcumbe's embassies to Calais, Scotland and Ireland, in the reign of Henry VII, see a circumstantial account in the Modern Hist of Cornwall, Vol. 1. Pp. 48, 49, 50, 51.

P. 337

(Despot's frowns create)

Such had the author written about two years ago—He had intended to strike out the passage. But our efforts to accommodate our reflections to the passing series of events, must prove abortive; where all is fluctuating and transitory to an uncommon degree—where a king is no sooner seated on his throne than it trembles to its base—where hailing the return of peace, we yet experience war—and where the occurrences of the day so little resemble what hath happened in times past, that the anticipation of the future, would be even to the spirit of prophecy an arduous task.



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